

THE

# WAR



# CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 34,

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

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# Heroes of the Cross

## I.—THE APOSTLE TO THE LEPERS OF HAWAII.

(Concluded.)

I first met Father Damien in 1870. I was attached to the United States steamship, Lackawanna, at this time, and with the object of making a report on the subject of leprosy, I secured letters from the Hawaiian Board at Honolulu with power to make a prolonged stay and have every facility afforded me for an investigation of the dread disease on the island of Molokai. I landed on an October evening at the village of Kalaupapa, the chief northern landing-place of the island, where I was met by a cortege of lepers, mostly on horseback, the procession headed by Governor Ragsdale, himself a self-exiled leper. With him came Father Damien, who impressed me profoundly. He was then in the perfection of human health and vigor, about 33 years of age, with a smooth, thin face, and features constantly irradiated by a beautiful smile. He had a fine head, covered with black, curly hair.

"This is My Work in this World,"

he said to me. "Sooner or later I shall become a leper, but God grant it may not be until I have exhausted my capabilities for good to those of my unfortunate, afflicted brethren. I have endeavored to help them, not only morally and materially, but as a healer of physical wounds." When contrasted with whom I saw years later—a physical wreck, with disfigured, swollen head, pendulous ear-lobes, a lion's countenance, and distorted fingers, shorn of all physical beauty, but still at work consistently for the good of his afflicted parishioners!

I was conducted to the Governor's house, where I was to be the guest of the Government, and in apartments devoted to the "board of health" was comfortably lodged, my meals being cooked and served by a non-leper.

In the evening Father Damien came to the house accompanied by his Molokai band of leper boys, who made really good music with drums and finger-boards—the latter fashioned by Father Damien himself out of old tin coal-oil cans. He spoke excellent English and told me the story of his life, which had now been so smoothed by the "board of health" that it had become an easy path for him, only later to be roughened by the attacks of disease and cruel slander.

His conversation was charming and his experience graphically told, which Governor Ragsdale supplemented by an account of his own remarkable life, including his self-denunciation as a leper, and some charming recitations from the poets, especially Byron and Moore—for the Governor was highly educated, and had been a practicing lawyer at Hilo before coming to Molokai.

### A Truly Christ-like Work.

During my stay I made an earnest study of leprosy, and with Father Damien visited the afflicted fellows daily in the hospital and at their dwellings, watching the patient care bestowed on them by their Father, and the scientific treatment of their wounds and deformities—for no surgeon at that time was attached to the settlement. Our work over, we went to a party, perhaps to a vesper, and then to dinner or supper, where a frugal meal was partaken of, the only luxury being a beer brewed from pineapple parings by the good Father himself.

### He was Always Cheerful,

indefatigable in the performance of the duties of his church, and tireless in helping in the village work of construction and repair; and yet much of it was devoted to the terrible atmosphere of the little church crowded with worshippers, where the odors from the leprous sores were offensive beyond belief, often nauseating the priest at the altar, compelling him to seek the open window. My stay was short at Molokai, but it was long enough to impress me with the wonderful energy of this noble man in good works. And though no cure has yet been found for leprosy, his work and example brought to him without ques-

tion, through the "board of health," everything demanded, and made an ideal settlement, far in advance of those provided by other nations for the care of those similarly afflicted.

But his fearless exposure in attending to the sick and dying, without any precaution against contracting the disease—which was intentional, so that the lepers might not feel by any manifestation of delicacy and fear that he was repelling them—could have but one result, and he became a leper, succumbing to the disease in 1889.

In a letter which I received from him the year before, he told of a terrible storm which had done much damage on the island, especially to the church, the tower of which he had built with his own hands the year of my visit. Of himself there was only slight mention. He said: "The disease is progressing. My face and hands are undergoing a transformation. There is much misery here, but Almighty God knows what is best for us, and we are resigned to His holy will. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but the 'bon Dieu' is calling me to keep Easter with Him—On the 15th of April, 1889, he died."

sider largely, was the one reform needed, pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money, it brought the most judicious addition to all the sisters, it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he: there is not a domo cup or towel in the bishop's home but dirty Damien washed it. The man who tried to do what Damien did is my father, and the father of all who love goodness, and he was your father, too, if God had given you grace to see it."

## IF I SHOULD FAIL.

The following verses were sent home by a private in the Royal Irish Lancers. They were written by a comrade of his at the front:—

If I should fall among the dead and  
Amid the strife upon the blood-  
stained field,

## God's Answer.

HE cry of Man's anguish went up unto God,  
"Lord, take away pain!  
The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast  
The close-coiling chain [made,  
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs  
On the wings that would soar—  
Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made  
That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world,  
"Shall I take away pain,  
And with it the power of the soul to endure,  
Made strong by the strain?  
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart  
And sacrifice high?  
Will ye lose all your heroes: that lift from the fire  
White brows to the sky?  
Shall I take away Love that redeems with a price,  
And smiles at its loss? [Mine  
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto  
The Christ on His cross?"

### R. L. Stevenson's Opinion.

There have been critics of Father Damien's life and his intercourse with the lepers. But the mouths of these critics, and especially that of the originator of the slander about the comfortable Honolulu manse, "have been shut for ever by a great defender—Robert Louis Stevenson. One letter of this great man is alone sufficient to satisfy our lingering doubts of Damien's greatness.

When Stevenson visited the "lazaretto" the martyred priest was already sleeping his last sleep under the tree which had sheltered him on the night of his arrival. His memory was fresh, and no halo of time or the imagination yet encircled it. The novelist heard plain facts about a plain man, a peasant, therefore not always kindly in his ways. The conclusion, however, is inevitable: he was not only a good man, he was a great man. "What," says Stevenson, "is a little personal neatness, more or less, in the face of an heroic deed? I tell you, he continues to the 'reverend gossippers,' 'all the reforms of lazaretto are properly the work of Damien—Damien crowned with glories and honors, toiling and rotting in that plasty of his under the cliffs of Kalawao. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public; and that, if you will con-



## THE RICH FOOL.

Luke xli. 16-21.

The folly that Christ exposed to the crowd of earnest and sceptical listeners much had gathered around Him was no foolishness in the eyes of the world. To the superficial observer, the man of the parable was rich in worldly wisdom. He had evidently made his one aim and object to get on in the world, and, like most men who sacrifice principle to push, the world, and the devil had won him. By this it must not be thought of necessity that the rich man was a particularly wicked man. On the contrary, we think it more likely that his very wealth bespeaks an outward moral and economical life. His one great sin was that he forgot God, and lived to himself and for himself—his one great folly was that he made his plans for the future as if there was no Over-riding Hand, and as if there was no balance of Eternal Justice for mistakes and short-comings practised in Time.

How too many up-to-date imitations—albeit they may be unobtrusive ones—like the rich man. The great sin of the world to-day is that it forgets God. It does not seek Him in its affairs nor admit Him into its calculations. His judgment on its business deliberations would not be conveyed, and it is not over-scrupulous tactics for getting on in earthly gain and the favor of men. His presence in its pleasures would condemn so many of them, and make impossible the thoughtless plunge into extremes of gaiety and frivolity. So the world to-day, with its mind to do without Jesus Christ, and making a hedge of its own sin and selfishness, pre-occupies its attention with vanity, vain glory, and vice, and echoes the old-time cry of its Jerusalem ancestors: "We will not have this Man to reign over us." These men live without God, and so, as a natural consequence, so many of them die without Him.

The most pathetic clause in the prospect man's soliloquy is the assurance which he gives to his own soul, promising ease, plenty, and enjoyment for many years. Many years—but how could years satisfy the eternal demands of the soul? Days of earthly comfort and enjoyment might please his lower nature, but must ever fall short of satisfying the spiritual. All the fair promises of earth have this discrepancy, they can but prolong the short to-day, and then over in bitter silence the great needs of tremendous importance of the long to-morrow. Whereas the assurances of true religion, while certainly holding a key of hope for the mystery and darkness of this world's sorrow and perplexity, make their chief promises for the oncoming Eternity.

We know the tragic ending—how God suddenly revealed the fact of existence and power to the soul which had neglected His love, and left out His guidance. And so in folly and fearful retribution is it with those who lay up treasure for themselves and are not rich towards God. Man's first, highest, and most successful wisdom is to seek God. All other long-sightedness, as the world calls it, must fail miserably short, and bring about lasting disaster and spiritual bankruptcy.

Speaking of a latter-day example of this sin, a Salvationist pen has written:

"When a man or woman trusts God out of his or her life, the ruin which follows is in proportion to the soul's capacity for better things, but the ultimate fate of any nation that exalts the gifts of God above the Creator is too terrible to contemplate, too awful for words to describe."

Death is an incident and not an interruption of life's progress.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory. Like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rage.

My spirit, Lord, upon Thy love relying,  
To Thee I yield.

I do not ask a respite from the grave:  
When duty calls I'll listen to my place.

But when my hour shall come, one boon I crave,  
To see Thy face.

For Thou hast been my Friend and Brother,  
And thro' sweet nature all my joys I've known.

Not earthly bond unites me to another,  
I stand alone.

For I despise the cant and double-dealing,  
Which serve mankind, the humble and the proud;

How hard to find one heart with genuine feeling  
In all the crowd.

To Thee, to Thee, O Father, I surrender,  
Thy earthly gift when'er I hear

But let Thy death be swift, the pang be tender,  
Yet like a soldier fall.

Failure is often but man's name for God's successes.

## The South African War.

Cape Town, March 28th, 1900.

Green Point Common is situated at the foot of the famous Signal Hill, and about a mile distant from Cape Town proper. This has been one of the great "feeding" grounds of the British Army ever since the outbreak of hostilities. Tens of thousands of infantry have been encamped here; straight from the levitations that have brought them direct from the Old country and almost every other part of the British Empire, preparatory to their despatch to the front, and to-day the bones of hundreds of these brave fellows lie rotting on the South African soil. Small wonder, therefore, that the Salvation Army is well in evidence at Green Point Camp, watching over the best interests of Tommy Atkins in all those matters pertaining to his soul's salvation.

The camp is within the boundary of Cape Town III., the officers and soldiers of which corps are doing much useful service among the troops in the way of open-air meetings and the distribution of Army literature. And these visits are becoming more and more appreciated by the men of all ranks and of every regiment—regular, militia, and volunteer. Last Sunday the presence of General Sir Buller, with the Chief Secretary and a strong Headquarters' contingent, was a real inspiration to these local warriors. The afternoon's bombardment of the camp was the most searching character. The General's soldiers stood thickly around, and listened with the deepest interest and attention from start to finish.

## Outside the Boer Prisoners' Camp.

But, oh, if we were only allowed free access into that great enclosure situated within a stone's-throw of the Green Point Common open-air stand! It is the old cycle track of the Cape Town Sports Association, and now accommodates, so it is said, something like a couple of thousand Free State Boer prisoners, some of whom are our own Salvation comrades, commanded for service several months ago as burghers and residents. Alas! alas! they may hear the beat of the drum, and probably a snatch or two of some Army song and testimony, but can take no part therein. What a change from the joyous freedom of old! And yet, perchance, these distant Army sounds are just now as music sweet to the souls of some of the silent listeners in their imprisoned condition. The fault is not ours that we are not to closer touch with them. The reasons that have led to their incarceration are not our business to discuss, but as we pass along outside the enclosure, with its lines of barbed wire reaching to a height of ten or twelve feet, and gaze on the unhappy faces within, in full view of the general public, and then turn our eyes upward to the armed sentries who slowly pace backward and forward along the various platforms surrounding the enclosure, commanding a full view of the prison ground, none of us, whatever our opinions of the general situation, can resist a feeling of pity and compassion for these poor unfortunate creatures.

## Re-Opening of Our Work at Bloemfontein.

Bloemfontein is once more secure to us, but our soldiers are scattered in all directions, and not until after the war is over that we are able to make much headway again in the Orange Free State capital. Major Swain, who, with Edwin Scott, entered Bloemfontein with the Highland Brigade, which formed the rearguard of Lord Roberts' army on its advance to the capital, on the opportunity of communicating with the authorities with regard to our work, and was informed that no restrictions would be imposed upon the Army, and that we might resume our work, if nothing had happened. In days to come great things will be done in and through the Salvation Army in Bloemfontein; but for a time our progress will necessarily be slow. Major Swain and I are planning a joint visit to Cape Town for consultation with the Commissioner, who anticipates an early call at the Orange Free State's metropolis. As General's column is now moving northward, we will probably be in the course of a day or two that Capt. Anderson and Lieut. Warwick have joined the Salvation forces there.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.



## Bible Readings from Jamaica

## II.—SAUL, THE EX-SALVATIONIST.

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Come and gather round me, comrades, listen to my plaintive lay, While I tell you of a story I was reading yesterday. In the good old Book I read it; you may read it if you wish—'Tis about the King of Jewry, known as Saul, the son of Kish. He was fair and tall of stature, but he little thought that he Would be chosen by Jehovah, King of Israel to be. When he hunted up the asses, God was leading him the while To the Prophet, who well knew him, so anointed him with oil. Then, just as he was with Moses, God was with him right away, Through the Holy Spirit, making him "another man" that day. There could be no doubt about it, for a praying heart he got; So the sinners kept on saying, "Saul has joined the praying lot!" You'll forgive me if I linger while I make this picture clear, But he was an out-and-outer, making evil-doers fear. So we're told the Lord was with him, gave him victory in each fight. For salvation had come through him; he became his country's light.

There are some who stand the tempest, strengthened by Jehovah's arm, When wind and wave are quiet, sink beneath the treacherous calm. Such was Saul; instead of keeping humble, willing, watchful, true, When the Lord said, "Saul destroy them!" he said he would spare a few! (Just like those who smoke tobacco, those who wear fanglances, too; God says they should be "peculiar"; they say they will "square a few.") We who look back on the story, see Saul's testing-time had come;



SAUL TROUBLED BY THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Not that God's love had departed; not that Saul's work had been done. But because the Lord would try him, test his faithfulness and love—Have him shine down here for others, ere he shone with Him above! Disobedience brought on lying, as the lowering oxen told. In the ears of Prophet Samuel—"Saul would sell us all for gold!" As the bleating sheep repeated, loud enough for all to hear—"Dear as God is to our leader, his own self is far more dear!" Samuel would have been no Prophet had he been polite and nice, But he sternly said, "'Tis better to obey than sacrifice: Stubbornness, horn of witchcraft, reuseth crying out to God; As Jehovah you've rejected, so will you rejected be."

'Time came when those words were proven, when Saul pray'd and none would hear,

When God's presence had departed, and the future looked so drear. When he went to Witch of Endor—summoned Samuel from the dead—"Why has thou disquieted me, and brought me up?" the Prophet said. Then he told the sad, sad story of his own and country's plight, Of the Philistines waiting, how he feared the coming fight. Can a saint help a backslider, save he points him to the Cross? Samuel had no word of comfort—"God's against you; all is lost!" In the Word it is recorded how Saul fell, o'erwhelmed with grief; Spiritualism had not helped him, arm of flesh brought no relief. Often after that he wandered, soulless, crying out to God; But the fruits of disobedience blossomed on his chastening rod; And the clouds hung heavy o'er him and the storm came on apace—They reflected God's rejected, freely falling on his face! What a climax! What a death-bed! You should often read it through. For the thing that happened to him may occur to me or you: How the Philistines came on him as they'd never done before; How their archers aimed and hit him, as they pressed upon him sore. "Draw thy sword and slay me," said he, to his armor-bearer brave. But he would not slay his master, though he could not hope to save. Then Saul took his sword and placed it so that it might pierce him through. He had fought for life, and lost it, and had lost salvation, too. More remains; you'd better read it: how they severed off the head Of Saul, the ex-Salvationist, when they found that he was dead. Dead; a wretched, poor backslider—hence I tell the story o'er, Asking God to back the warning to us, and to many more.

## THE GENERAL ON THE WAR.

## INTERESTING COUNSEL.

Writing the other day to one of his officers in a foreign country, the General commented on the war now raging in South Africa.

"All wars," he said, "carry in their bosom much human misery and suffering. This war has already borne its share, and promises to bring forth a still further measure of anguish before its conclusion. Still, so far as it has gone, it will not compare in these respects with the majority of the wars that have gone before it.

"You are quite right in supposing that I deplore the conflict. I have ample reasons for doing so, for not only is it opposed to the spirit of the salvation I advocate, but it has already wrought and have among my people in South Africa. Many have been driven from their posts, others have been filled with bitterness; some have been ruined in their temporal circumstances, while others are agonizing in the hospitals, or lying low in their graves.

"But what can I do beyond pleading with God for His intervention, and entreating my people to stand true to their principles as peace-makers between man and man, and between man and God. This I have done to the best of my ability, and done, I think, with a considerable measure of success.

"The Object of the Army is to Spread the Religion of Jesus Christ Throughout the World.

Have we not proclaimed, and that from the house-tops, that we will know no man after the flesh; that race distinctions and preferences of nationalities and governments, together with the disputes and differences existing between them, are not our business; that our business is to seek in all countries and climes to reveal men to God, deliver them from the dominion of their evil habits, marshal them as warriors of the Cross, and fit them for heaven?

"On this rock, by the help of God, I have built up the Salvation Army. The friendliness of Governments and peoples which has so greatly helped us has been largely won on this distinct understanding that we did not involve ourselves, or take sides on questions of national or party politics. How can I possibly depart from this principle of action? To do so would involve a breach of faith with multitudes of my own people, and many of my officers, and would probably lead to division which, thank God, have on such subjects been so far practically unknown amongst us. Any departure from this course would be likely to close—at least, in a large measure—this wonderful door of opportunity which is at present so widely open before us. Moreover, such a course would, I think, be a distinct departure from the practice followed and approved by Jesus Christ Himself, and His immediate followers.

"Our policy, then, is, and must continue to be, that of the Apostle who said, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

## Pray for the Prosperous.

There is one hard thing to bear in this world, and that is prosperity. The fact that we do not feel it as a burden does not affect the truth that it is hard to carry it and yet stand upright. To be honest, generous, considerate, fair, magnanimous, in "prosperity,"—ah! this is not easy. Yet this is what it means to stand upright. Under a worldly prosperity one is in great danger of getting spiritually stooped, bowed and weak-kneed. Pray for the prosperous!—S. S. Times.

Man soon wears of the worship of humanity.

The twentieth century will offer no greater wonder than that of the nineteenth—the saving power of the Gospel.

# THE INDIAN FAMINE.

**The Aspect is Growing Darker—Sixty-two Millions Now in Distress—What the Viceroy Said—The Salvation Army's Efforts to Lessen the Suffering—One Hundred Dollars Would Relieve Six Thousand People Every Month Through Our Cheap Grain Depots.**

The latest accounts of the Indian famine to reach this country make most heart-rending reading. The vast tracts of country now affected contain a population exceeding eighty-five millions; of these sixty-two millions are more or less severely distressed.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, stated a few days ago that of these sixty-two million unhappy people, rather more than five millions are receiving Government relief, but that the worst has yet to come.

The Government Relief Scheme, as at present in operation, simply provides for the preservation of the lives of those afflicted by the famine by the supply of grain food, and by the provision of temporary relief works. But a notable feature of the present famine is the immense loss of milch and plough cattle, which will make it an extremely difficult matter—after the long-looked-for rains have come, and the famine has spent itself—for the village people to recover their property. It is to help them in this struggle that charitable funds will be largely needed.

## How to Get a Broken Heart.

The Viceroy, speaking recently at a public meeting in Calcutta, after he had himself visited the famine districts, said:

"If any rich man in this city is in doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district, and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, but he would come back with a broken one."

"There is an ample field for private generosity, both in supplement to that which the State can do, and must do, and often in pursuit of that which the State cannot do at all. We ask your money to provide warm raiment, clothes, and blankets, for the poor workers, who spend their nights out of doors, either in the open-air, or under filthy mats of straw. In the Punjab, as you know, it is still very cold at nights. Later on, when the rains come, the same covering will be required to ward off the chills that bring fever and dysentery in their train."

## A Moving Picture of Intense Silent Suffering.

Mr. Donald Swanton, member of the Viceroy's Council, who was sent as Special Commissioner to visit the famine-stricken Provinces of India, has described his experience to a Renter representative.

"I traveled," he said, "through Central and part of Western India. The condition of the country is much worse than I anticipated. For hundreds of miles on end not a single stalk of corn or even dry stubble is to be seen, nor yet a blade of green pasture."

"The mortality among cattle is appalling, especially in Northern Bombay and parts of the Punjab, where there is no fodder and no water, and they are dying at the rate of thousands weekly from starvation and thirst."

"The people in many districts are enfeebled by successive bad seasons. They have not money enough to do more than beg, sustain the lives of the five millions who are now employed on relief works, and of thousands upon thousands of those silent sufferers in deserted villages who would rather die than labor in the relief works."

"More money is wanted, and wanted quickly. I have witnessed two famines, but I think the crisis through

which we are now passing is by far the most acute of the century. Great Britain and Ireland owe a debt to the Indian peasant of millions upon millions. Let the United Kingdom stretch out to her now a helping hand and extricate her from the deadly grip of famine."

## What Our Officers have to Face.

Major Bahadur, who has just been visiting some of the famine-stricken districts, writes:

"For the last two weeks I have been visiting different corps throughout the territory. It was very pitiful to see the poor little naked children turn up for their weekly allowance of famine relief. Several of them had to get their parents to take it for them, as they themselves had no cloth in which to hold it."

This morning I have just returned from the Ahmednagar Division, where we are arranging to erect three small village barracks in order to furnish relief works. In this part the people are still suffering very much through the famine, and tens of thousands have left the villages and gone to the Government relief works. Just near to Ahmednagar, there is a large relief works, where a sort of water tank is being dug close to the mountains, and where something like fifteen thousand people are working. The people are all camped out, and have small "chapas" to live in, which are all numbered. There is also a small bazaar, where grain, wood, and other necessities are sold. It looks just like a little town camped out.

## Child-Skeletons.

"In one part of the camp I saw 1,300 little children all crowded together. Although the Government gives them a little food during the day while their parents are at work, yet there are many poor little skeletons amongst them, and we could see that many of them could never live to the end of the famine. In fact, some of them looked more like monkeys than children. I should think that the majority of them were without a scrap of clothing, and the coverings of those who had anything on at all was simply composed of dirty, stinky rags. Some of the overseers pleaded with us to give the children some clothing, as it was very cold at night, but as none of us had any money at our disposal, we were sorry to have to refuse them. Most of the poor men, women, and children whom we saw lay on the bare ground, and a few on mats, which were spread in different parts of the sheds."

## What We are Doing.

We are dealing with the famine-stricken in Gujarat, Rajputana, Mar-

athi Country and districts in the Punjab, and also assisting in districts like the Telegu Country, where, on account of the famine elsewhere, the grain prices have run beyond the power of the poor people to buy.

## I.—Cheap Grain Depots.

We have opened twenty-eight cheap Grain Depots for the sale of grain at the prices which obtained before the famine, and which involves a loss of twenty-five per cent. to the Salvation Army. This is a form of help especially valued. Grain is more than double, and in some parts treble, the ordinary prices.

We have not full details as to the total number being relieved, but at one of the depots alone over two thousand men, women, and children. From recent reports we learn that our relief operations in Gujarat and Rajputana alone are as under:

- About three tons of grain were distributed free to old people and village school children.
- Over seven tons of grain were sold at prices prevailing before the famine.
- Over three thousand families, or over twelve thousand persons, were helped.

The provision since that time has been increased, so that more people are now being benefited.

## II.—Relief Works.

We try to provide work for those who are able to do it. Work is the form of help that all appreciate most. They want to work; they do not wish to eat the bread of charity. Plans have therefore been made for the assistance of destitute people by famine relief works, such as barracks-building, wells, tanks, and other irrigation works, and supplying seed where cultivation is possible. Twenty barracks on the relief works basis have already been agreed to be erected in the famine-affected districts.

## III.—Cotton for Weavers.

We are supplying cotton to poor weavers, so that they may, by making and selling goods, maintain their families. The latest figures show that 250 families are being maintained in this way. The relief in this direction also has since been increased.

## IV.—Famine Children.

In addition to three hundred famine-stricken children gathered into our Industrial Homes some time ago, we have now arranged to increase the number of homeless and helpless orphans and destitute children to over six hundred, which will involve the Salvation Army in the cost of maintenance and education for several years at the rate of £5 10s. per child per annum.

## V.—Our Day-School Children.

The children in our 163 Day Schools in the Central Province, now numbering 2,800, we long to help; but we can do so little with so large a number. We have, therefore, arranged that four hundred of the worst cases shall receive a month grain weekly to keep them alive until the famine is over.

When your foes laugh with you your friends will weep.



FATHER DAMIEN ON HIS DEATH-BED.

(See article, "Heroes of the Cross," on page 2.)



## II.—THE ROMANS.

### CHAPTER VIII. BRAVE WARRIORS.

While the civil struggles were going on, the Romans were continually engaged in warfare with the neighboring tribes. In the spring the warriors would go out to the attack, seize what cattle they could get, and try to capture some town. In the fall they would return to gather their harvest, and during winter attend to public business and elections.

During these minor wars many men of name displayed their bravery and nobility, amongst them being Coriolanus. The Romans at that time were besieging a Volscian city, when word was received that the men of Antium were coming to the aid of the Volscians. The Romans made a desperate attack, but were beaten off, till Coriolanus, a young Patrician, rallied them and led them with such spirit that the city was taken before the hostile army came up. When he was brought to the city, his sword crossed over his shoulders, the latter placed a crown of victory upon his head and granted him a tenth of the spoil and ten slaves of the prisoners. Coriolanus, however, only accepted one, an old friend of his family, whom he set at liberty at once.

On another occasion, when famine threatened Rome, Coriolanus captured corn and cattle from Antium, which he distributed freely, without taking any himself.

Although so generous Coriolanus was proud and reserved, and therefore not popular with the Plebeians or Tribunes. He was elected Consul, but the latter refused to ratify the choice, as well as impeaching him unjustly of withholding a shipment of grain from Sicily. A fierce quarrel followed, resulting in the banishment of Coriolanus. He went quietly after taking farewell of his mother, wife, and children, to Tullus, the Volscian chief, and enlisted his army to avenge his banishment on Rome. Together with Tullus he invaded Roman territory, ravaged the country and besieged the city. Romans of rank tried to turn him from his revengeful plan, but he answered that the Volscians were now his friends. Finally, the women of Rome, headed by his mother and wife, each with a little child, marched out and entreated him to stop the war. His mother threw herself at his feet, which broke his heart. Having heard her, he sent his mother home, then having saved Rome, but lost his soul.

So it proved. When he returned, Tullus, in anger, stirred up a tumult, and Coriolanus was killed.

Another Patrician of name was Cincinnatus, the ablest among the Romans, but stern and grave. At one time the Aequi and Volscians threatened Rome very sorely. Cincinnatus was chosen Dictator, and the news of his election found him on his little farm on the Tiber, holding the plough. He assumed his civic office at once, routed the enemy, and after sixteen days resigned his dictatorship, having accepted any of the spoil, but returned to his farm. He was rewarded, however, by his son being recalled from banishment, where he had been sent on account of a charge of murder.

The divisions between the Patricians and Plebeians were still alarming. The tribune, L. Brutus, succeeded in getting the Aventine Hill granted to the Plebeians, and they had another champion of their cause in Lucius, who had fourteen civic crowns (oak-leaf wreaths given for saving the lives of citizens) because he had received forty-five wounds in battles.

(To be continued.)

"If we walk with God we will not be asking. 'What is the harm of this or that?' The question will be, 'What is the good?' If the thing does not help us, we will give it up for something better."





THE YEAR'S SAVINGS.

## The Year's Savings

"Money seems awfully hard to earn nowadays," said old Jim to his life's companion, Sarah.

"Aye, and it is," was Sarah's rejoinder.

"Twenty years ago I earned more in a week than I can now save in a year."

"Well, that's very true. We have to work hard in our old age for a living; but, thank God, we have the health and strength to do it."

"Yes, thank God for that," fervently said old Jim. "Thank God for that. If the Army had not come after me, I might have been in a drunkard's grave by now."

Jim spoke truly. He had been a clever cabinet-maker in his youth and earned good wages. He married early and grew tired early of married life, especially as no child had blessed the union. Soon he sought the companionship of old friends at the saloon and his restless nature led him into all kinds of mischief. His money went as quickly as it was earned. He lived high and fast. Drink enchaind him stronger, and left him weaker in character every day. Gambling helped on his ruin, and a burglary in which he was implicated, led to the killing of a man. Jim, as accomplice, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment while his companion in crime was hanged. Jim left the prison a worse man than he entered it, and commenced at once a career of crime and debauchery.

The Army caught him drunk on the street, sobered him up, and took a kindly interest in him. A few months later Jim got converted, and set at once to work to find his long-deserted wife. After some time the two were re-united, and Jim started a little carpenter and repair shop.

It was just about a year that Jim had been at honest work again, and the little saving seemed small enough as it was emptied from the stocking and counted by the aged couple.

"Well, I think I shall give one-half to the Army's Self-Denial Fund," said Jim, after the total sum had been ascertained. "It is the least I can do. It wouldn't be self-denial if I give that which I can easily spare."

"Right you are, Jim," replied Sarah. "I am glad enough that we have it to give. The Lord will not fail us. He has promised us our bread and water and I'd rather have a crust with Jesus than an easy life and a guilty conscience."

"Thank God for salvation! It is wonderful what it does for a sinner. I never hoped to have such happiness in store for my old age. I have half a mind to give our whole savings to the Self-Denial Fund." And a salty tear slowly found its way down the wrinkled cheek.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## THE WEEK

May 5th, 1906.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

General Roberts has begun his advance northward. The Boers have been pressed before the British advance, which is said to number five to each Boer. Thaba N'Chu, Brandfort, and Winburg have been occupied and a force has crossed the Vet River, a tributary to the Vaal River. A Maxim gun and 25 prisoners were captured in this last engagement. The fighting throughout the week has been frequent, but not persistent; casualties are few. The fumes all along the line of march are searched; many rifles and much ammunition have been discovered. Making is still holding out, and there appears to be little hope of relief during May.—The cost of the war up to March 31st was £23,250,000.—General White has received the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.—The Boers are receiving great supplies of food stuff via Lorenzo Marquez.

### CANADIAN CULLINGS.

Four Italians, while charging a hole with dynamite on the Rainy River Railway, were blown to atoms.—A landslide in Quebec swept two houses away near Hadlow, and an Intercolonial Express was wrecked.—The Mansion House Fund (London) Bazaar for the relief of the Ottawa fire sufferers, amounts to \$80,000.—The town of Sandon, B. C., was totally destroyed by fire.—The steamer Marie Louise was burned at Lima, Peru.—A great hamper of Japanese to British Columbia is now taking place. 30,000 Japanese are reported to have looked for British Columbia this summer.—The building laborers, of London, and the weavers of Hamilton Cotton Mills, are out on strike.—The Laurentide Pulp and Saw Mills, at Grande Mere, Que., were destroyed by fire, making printing paper more scarce than ever.

### AMERICAN NEWS.

Over 100 people lost their lives by an explosion in the Pleasant Valley Company's coal mine, at Schofield, Utah.—The 29th Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is convened at Chicago.—The House of Representatives passed the Nicaragua Canal Bill by a vote of 225 to 35; the cost is estimated at \$140,000,000.—Michigan forest fires have destroyed several small towns, and threaten others.

### INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The prospect of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States has been given up. The inhabitants make a strong demonstration of loyalty to Denmark.—Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has visited King and Queen of Germany, at Berlin.—The Duke of York has gone to Berlin on the occasion of the German Crown Prince's coming of age.—A rising of Bulgarian peasants is assuming serious features.—Cholera is raging in the famine-stricken districts of India.—The French army has acquired a new invention in the form of a smoke shell to hide the army's movements from the enemy.

## Editor's Notes.

### OTTAWA'S GREAT LOSS.

We are endeavoring to establish our Rescue Home in the Imperial City. We lost everything in the great conflagration a short time ago. Any contributions to this fund will be gratefully received. Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to Evangeline Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

### CYCLING CRUSADERS COMING.

The Commissioner will shortly visit Montreal and other places in East and Central Ontario, accompanied by the Red Crusaders on wheels. Colonel Jacobs will accompany the Commissioner also, and there will be some good music and singing in connection with the tent meetings to be conducted on the trip. Full details will be given in a future issue.

### EASTER SONG'S AUTHOR.

We find that on the back page of our Easter War Cry the name of Prof. Wiggins only was mentioned in connection with the song, "Bleeding and Dying," as we knew not the author of the words. We have been informed since that our former comrade, now Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams, of Pittsburg, composed the words; the music only, is by Prof. Wiggins. We are pleased to give due credit to Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams.

### CLARK'S BEACH (Nfld.) SCHOOL.

In a recent article touching on S. A. Day Schools, Clark's Beach was mentioned with other places where the Army conducts schools. Captain Moore writes to say that the Day School in that place is not an Army institution, although taught by an S. A. officer, but is under the supervision of a Reformed Episcopal Board of Education. We gladly make this explanation.

## OUR SOLDIERS' BUREAU

INSTRUCTION

INTELLIGENCE

INFORMATION

## Terse Topics.

## STILL STARVING.

In a letter from a Staff Officer in Bombay, which speaks of the splendid service which the Government officials are rendering to the starvation-swept millions of India, he says, "The actual worst of the famine is, no doubt, still in front of us." The words strike a knell of terror to every sympathetic heart that reads them. The suffering, sickness, and death which has been the portion of our poor, dusky brethren for so long has been so extreme that we can scarcely estimate to what lengths their distress may go when we hear that "the worst is yet to come." Poor India! Many thoughts fill our minds and interests claim our attention. The news of nations' strife can but make stronger impressions upon us, the many opportunities and events of our own war for righteousness fill our hearts—but if our spirit has been touched by that compassion which is the characteristic of true Christianity, we must not, and shall not, forget our starving brothers and despairing sisters across the seas. We owe them prayer—they shall have it, hot and tender, and full of faith before the Throne. We owe them what practical help it may be in our power to offer, and unstintingly and self-sacrificingly it shall be given in the name of their suffering and our Saviour's love.

## The Week's Ammunition.

**SUNDAY.**—"The love of Christ constraineth us"—11. Cor. v. 14.

The Cross, and Passion, and Thy precious death.

While I have mortal breath  
Shall be my spring of love, and work,  
and oration.

The life of all my days;  
Till in this mystery of love supreme  
Be solved in glory, glory's endless theme.

**MONDAY.**—"Those things I have spoken unto you, that My joy might remain with you."—John xv. 11.

Oh, joy abiding and Divine!  
Not mine at all, but Thine,  
Or else not any joy to me!

For a joy that flowed not from Thine own  
Since Thou hast reigned alone  
Were vacancy and misery.

**TUESDAY.**—"A tried stone."—Isa. xxviii. 16.

Through the yesterday of ages,  
Jesus, Thou hast been the same!  
Through our own life's chequered pages,  
Still the one dear changeless name!

**WEDNESDAY.**—"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

Everlasting life Thou givest,  
Everlasting love to see;  
They shall live because Thou livest,  
And their life is hid in Thee.

**THURSDAY.**—"I will water it every moment."—Isa. xxviii. 3.

Let me grow by sun and shower,  
Every moment water me;  
Make me really, hour by hour,  
More and more conformed to Thee.

**FRIDAY.**—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—Isa. lix. 19.

Blessed Spirit lift the standard,  
Pour Thy grace and shed Thy light!  
Lift the veil and loose the fetter,  
Come with new and quickening might.

**SATURDAY.**—"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"—Isa. lxviii. 25.

"He is Thy Lord!" Thyself, O Saviour dear,  
And not another. Whom have I but Thee  
In heaven or earth? and whom should I desire?  
For Thou has said, "So shall the King desire thee."

## A SOLDIER'S SERMON.

Taken from the Report of a War Correspondent at the Front.

"He was standing at eventide facing the rough and rugged heights of Ensin. The crimson-tinted clouds that emblazoned the sky cast a raged radiance about his head and face, making him appear like one of those ancient martyrs one is apt to see on stained glass windows in the old-world churches in Rome or Venice. His feet were firmly planted close to the graves of the British soldiers who had fallen when we beat the Boers and drove them back upon the Modder River.

"In one hand he held a little well-worn Bible; the other was raised high above his close-cropped head, whilst his voice rang out on the sultry, storm-laden air like the clang of steel on steel:

"Prepare to meet yer God!"

"No one who looked at the neat, strong figure, arrayed in the plain khaki uniform of a private soldier, at the clean-shaven, square-jawed face, at the fearless grey-blue eyes, could doubt either his honesty or earnestness.

"Prepare to meet yer God!"

"To the right of him the long line of tents spread upwards towards the kopje; to the left the velvet, with its wealth of grey-green grass, sown by the bounteous hand of the Harvester; all around him, excepting where the graves raised their red-brown furrows, rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the old, old story of man's weakness and eternal shame, and Christ's love and everlasting pity.

"Prepare to meet yer God!"

"Rough as the thrust of a broken bayonet was his speech, unskilled in rhetoric his tongue, his periods as unrounded as flying words of sharp-iron shell; yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, from the magazine of truth. Some London sin had been his crime, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had ever known.

"Once more we heard the distant batteries speak to those whose hands had rudely grasped the Empire's flag, and every rock, and hill and crag, and stony height took up the echo like a lion's roar, until the whirling wind was tremulous with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice.

"Prepare to meet yer God! I've come to tell yer all about a General Whose armies hold their City of Eternal Life. If you are wounded, throw yer rifles down, 'nd 'is will send the ambulance of 'is love with Red Cross Angels, and 'is adjutant, whose name is Mercy, to dress yer wounds. Throw down yer rifles and surrender. No rebels can enter the City of Eternal Life. You can't storm their walls, or take their gates at their point of their bayonet for their ramparts are guarded, and their sentries never sleep. When they bugle sound their blast rebelle yer will ever 'ear, and the colonel, whose name is Death, gives their order to march, you'll have no think to fear about. If yer bandoliers are full of faith, and yer rifles are sighted with love, and yer uniforms may be ragged, and yer may

not even have a corporal's stripe to show, but if yer can pass ther n-things fearlessly, you'll find a general's commission waitin' for yer just inside ther gate. But yer can't fool with my General. Remember this, ther password is 'Repentance,' and duty will see you comin' and will challenge you. 'Who goes there?' 'Friend.' 'Advance friend and give ther counterism.' If you say 'Good works,' you'll find 'is baynet up against yer chest. If yer say you forgot it you'll be in ther clink of 'oll in ther twinkling of an eye; but if yer say, loud an' clear, 'Repentance,' 'e will lower 'is baynet 'nd say, 'Pass, friend; all's well!'

## LOST DAYS—A WARNING

Their advent is as silent as their going;  
They leave no voice nor other any speech,  
No whispered murmur passes each to each,  
As on the bosom of the year's stream flowing,  
They pass beyond recall, beyond our knowing,  
Farther than sight can pierce, or thought can search;  
Nor shall we ever hear them on Time's beach,  
No matter how the winds of life are blowing.

They bide their time, they wait the awful warning.

Of that day's day, when hearts and graves unsealing  
The trumpet's note shall call the sea and sad

To yield their secrets to the sun's revealing;

What voices then shall thrill the Judgment Morning,  
As our lost days shall cry aloud to God?

What a Soldier  
Should Know.

Ignorance no Virtue.

The chief purpose in life of a Salvation Soldier is to bring honor to God and to be useful to his fellow-men. Therefore, every Salvation Soldier should qualify himself to the utmost for the very important work God may have for him to do in the future. Knowledge is power. The more a soldier knows, the more intelligence he has, the greater will be his ability to glorify God and advance the interests of His Kingdom, supposing always that such knowledge is fully and honestly used. No Salvation Soldier should be discouraged on account of the smallness of his stock of knowledge, but at once set himself to acquire more. He can be quite sure that if he will improve his opportunities he will be successful.

How to Improve the Mind.

In seeking to improve his mind, two or three simple rules should be acted upon by the Salvationist.

He must be willing to be at trouble. He should strive to learn something every day.

He should never be discouraged because he does not make very rapid improvement. He must not attempt too much at once.

He should read carefully as he has opportunity.

How to Read.

To read with profit, the Salvation Soldier must actually learn something from everything he reads. There must be some fact or idea about which he reads, that he retains in his memory;

otherwise he will be no wiser than he was. Therefore, to read profitably, say, an article in the War Cry, he must read it with care, and remember what he reads.

Remember.

Getting Instruction is like getting money. If a man gets a dollar and puts it into a pocket with a hole in it, he is no richer at the end of the day, even if he has got twenty dollars in this way. But if there is no hole in his pocket, by the end of the day he will have twenty dollars. Just so, a man reads twenty things in the War Cry. If they slip through his mind they will be gone at the end of the day, whereas, if he remembers them he will have them, and if he cares to remember them they will be his for ever.

Think.

To profit by what he reads, he must think about it afterwards. Reading is like eating; thinking about what is read is like digestion. It is not what a man eats that does him good, but what he properly digests. Rightly-digested food turns into blood, and flesh, and bones, and is there for after service. Just so, it is not what he hears that benefits him, but what he thinks about, and so understands and remembers, and thereby, so to speak, becomes a part of him. He should cultivate the habit of thinking when at home, or walking about the roads, or whenever he has the opportunity.

Real Value of a Book.

Reading is only of value so far as it is calculated to assist the Salvation Soldier to love God with all his heart, and a holy and happy life himself, and save the greatest number of souls. All reading that does not serve this purpose should be avoided. This will shut out the reading of most of the books that are read, and leave a minimum, except where such may be used for recruiting the mind when run down and enfeebled by overwork.

What to Read.

The Bible. This should be read regularly, thoughtfully, and prayerfully. He will find it useful to read a few verses at a time on his knees, commit a text to memory every day, and otherwise frequently consider and reflect upon the wonderful teaching of the word of God. Then he will, with safety and profit, read our own publications. He should and must read the War Cry. If he wants a wider field of reading, he should consider and useful men will be helpful to him. He may also take on to his list his stories, travels, geographies, and other books on the arts and sciences, if they are likely to help him in his own trade or profession, or to develop ability which is likely to be useful to the Army and his fellow-men. The news papers may be looked into, in order to keep him informed as to what God Himself is doing on the earth, or permitting man to do; but this must be done with moderation, otherwise it will become a snare to him.

## A Prayer 260 Years Old.

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might always tie

From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thoughts might ever rest,  
Or be conceived in my breast;

That I could see, and hear, and think,  
Or thought,  
Glory may to my God be brought!  
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eyes

On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
And make it clean in every part.  
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,  
For that is more than I can do.

Thomas Elwood, 1629. A.D.

## The Warning of Ease.

Nature is vocal with warnings. Pain is a warning of one cause, and ease a warning of another kind. When work that is worth doing becomes very easy to us, we can generally conclude that we are not doing it as well as we might. Higher excellence is impossible when we are lulled to do a thing easily. Only in the challenge of the difficult lies the possibility of progress.

# Self-Denial Work in Hell.

## ANOTHER VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A Great Light.

I HAVE had another Vision, and cannot refrain from relating it. I thought I was in Hell, and yet it was not that Hell which never ends; it was only the Vestibule, or a sort of entrance, to that dreadful place. Still, it was awful enough, and no mistake! But Hell itself seemed to be far and away beyond anything I could see, the gates of that abode being closed to human beings until after the last Great Judgment Day.

The place, however, in which I found myself had all the characteristics of Hell. There was darkness—darkness so gloomy and oppressive that you might call it the blackness of darkness. And yet the multitudinous Spirits with which the place was crowded, were plainly visible.

Here were the Fiends who still bore the traces of the Angelic beauty with which they were clothed in Heaven before they fell, and here were the lost Souls who, clothed in flesh and blood, had once lived upon the earth.

And not only did they appear to be the same sort of individuals, but, strange to say, I was able to read, from their outward shape, something of the character they had formed, and the part they had played in the years gone by.

#### NOW A LONG TRAIN OF DRUNKARDS

passed me; then came a group of Harlots; and now came a crowd of Backsliders, and then a rush of empty Worldlings; for I observed, short as was my stay in that region, that "like was drawn to like," or perhaps it was the law of the place, that, having sinned together they were punished together. And then I remembered that the Saviour said that the Tares were to be bound in bundles and burned.

As I looked at these poor suffering beings, restlessly passing to and fro, their very hearts seemed to open before me, and I saw, as it were, the fires of Hatred, and Lust, and Revenge, and Ambition, and Pride, and Vanity, and Selfishness, and Despair burning within them—passions that could only burn, no gratification being possible—with misery, and madness, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever.

And as I looked and wondered, I realized something of what the Apostle intended when he talked about souls being "cast down to Hell, and reserved in chains of darkness to the Judgment."

These Spirits were "reserved in chains" not such chains as we are familiar with on earth, for this was the Spirit World, and these were Spirits bound with Spirit-chains—that is, they were held fast, kept back from doing what they wanted to do.

They wanted to get out of the horrible place; they wanted to get away from their gnawing consciences; they wanted to go back to Earth to warn their godless relations; they wanted to fight the devils around them; they wanted to fight one another. But they could not—

#### THEY WERE BOUND IN CHAINS.

I was petrified at the sight. I tried to

fly, but had no wings on which to rise; I wanted to run, but my feet refused to move in obedience to my will. But could I have either fled or flown, I could see no way of escape from this dreadful place.

Suddenly, however, a fierce light, resembling the glare of ten thousand Furnaces, flashed out in the distance, and grew and grew until the whole black Inferno was lit up. The spell that had fastened me to the spot was broken, and, impelled by a spirit of intense curiosity, I expressed the wish to see what this distant Flame indicated, and was, as if by magic, immediately transported to the spot.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A Congress and a Counter-Move.

The place in which I now found myself widely differed from the last.



Drunkards, Ever Seeking, Never Finding the Gratification of Their Burning Thirst.

full of buildings, resembling those of the great Cities of Earth, and crowded with beings rushing wildly every way. That was something like a vast City the air re-echoing all the time, with oaths, and blasphemies, and hollow laughter, and wailings of distress. This was like a vast enclosed space, beyond all measurement around and above, and bearing marks of departed magnificence. It was a veritable specimen of grandeur in ruins.

Here, instead of the confusion that had just distracted my ears, silence reigned, and instead of perpetual movement, all was motionless. In the centre was a lofty Throne, black as ebony, while ranged all round were myriads of living Creatures, who, as my eyes got accustomed to the glare, appeared to be Beings of the most imposing and yet most hideous aspect. They, too, like the place in which they were assembled, had the appearance of grandeur in ruins; they were evidently wrecks of their former selves.

"What is this Place, and who are these Creatures that attract and yet frighten me?" I asked in agonizing perplexity. Quick as thought the answer came back. "This is the Council Chamber of Hell. A Congress is just about to be held, and these are the leading Officers in the great Army of Satan summoned to meet their Prince."

As this information was flashed in upon me a dread horror seized me, causing me to tremble from head to foot, and yet, strange to say, an unspeakable curiosity urged me forward, and, reckless of all danger, I felt that I must, if it were at all possible, see this thing through.

I had not to wait long to have that

curiosity satisfied to the full. While the thought was passing in my mind, a flare of Trumpets, or some other instruments, like the roar of a thousand Thunders, announced the approach of the far-famed Leader of the Infernal Hosts, and in a second he had mounted the Midnight Throne.

With what interest I surveyed the scene! I had by tradition and acquaintance, and otherwise, known something of the most bitter and powerful enemies of God and the human race, but here was the mightiest and cruellest of them all.

But there was little time for either observation or reflection. I felt that business of vast importance was in the air. What could it be?

I soon discovered that the object of the Gathering was nearly related to that of the recent Council in Heaven, as described in my last letter. A counter-move was about to be made. But I anticipate. Let the Supreme Ruler of the Pit set forth his own case.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Black Prince Speaks.

Thundering cheers greeted the Prince on rising to address the strange and innumerable crowd ranked before, above, and around him. At length silence was gained, and he spoke to the following effect:—

"Companion Devils, I congratulate you on the promising position of our Cause in the world. Success in our efforts to circumvent the King of Heaven, by the wreckage of His Holy plans, and the ruin of His people, has outstripped our most sanguine expectations. Never could we have anticipated so complete a triumph. The People who owe no allegiance to Jehovah are constantly increasing in number, and the Nations who are Christians in name only are becoming more and more unlike Him in character and conduct every day. The Dispensation of the Spirit, as we have chosen to call it, was to drive us back to this dark and horrible Hell, to bring about the Universal Reign of Richesness, and to make Him Who is our sworn enemy the Monarch of the World. But Two Thousand Years of this New Dispensation have already passed away, and yet the tide of Unbelief, and Selfishness, and Iniquity sweeps as wide and deep and high as ever."

A storm of applause here interrupted the speaker. I don't know how far these demon beings are capable of pleasure, but some sort of exulting gratification was evidently felt by this wretched multitude on this announcement of the progress of the Mystery of Iniquity and the hope of its ultimate triumph.

When the uproar ceased, Satan proceeded.

"A few days ago everything seemed to be in our favor. The wave of Secular Prosperity that is passing over the Nations has greatly helped our Cause. Drunkenness, Fornication, and every other form of vice, have made rapid advances. The prize for which we have fought seemed to be just within our grasp—a little more fighting and it would have been won—when, all unexpectedly, our Enemy resolves on this new departure—reinforcements are to be sent from Heaven, nay, are on the way already. A counter-move of equal importance must be made by us."

Accordingly, he had called together the Leaders of his various Divisions upon the earth, in order that he might remind them of their duty and urge them to the more diligent discharge of it.

"I have no need," he said in pompous tones, "to ask for reinforcements. However powerful and numerous may be the creatures who do the bidding of the King of Heaven in the Celestial Country or in other Worlds, my servants are in the majority on the Earth. There I have at least as many willing Fiends as I require, and as for Human Agents, I have far more than I can employ. But more perfect system and increased activity are the want of the hour. Success is in danger of rocking us all into false security. None of us can tell what will be the effect of the dead earnestness of these Heavenly Spirits. We must arouse ourselves to the most desperate efforts. Neither labor nor agonies must be spared. Perhaps this is the last Campaign of the hour Conflict. If we cannot hope to win all the world, nearly as we have reached that result, we may hope to continue to hold our own and come off with a still larger proportion of the spoil."

(To be continued.)

## GIVE ME A CHANCE!

Give me a chance, sir! I'm only a

human being, sir; I've failed? That's so, but I've tried, I know, and cannot find work to do.

You never can tell till the metal's rung Whether it's good or base; Try me, sir! do, and you'll find me true, Though appearances blacken my case.

My clothes are ragged, and worn, and old, Soles the boots I wear; In this wretched plight full many a night I've spent in the open-air.

It's hard to feel that nobody cares Whether you live or die; It's hard to hear the contemptuous stare Of heartless passers-by.

I've trudged o'er many a dreary mile, Weary, tired, and worn; O'er hill and down, from town to town, So wretched and forlorn.

Have you never seen when the cab-horse slips, And falls on the busy street How an eager throng, with pity strong, Help him regain his feet?

But the struggling soul that, weak and faint, Falls in the battle's strife Is left to die, and the help near by Withheld that might save a life.

The world is wide, and there's room for all, And God in heaven is good; But the greed of man has spoiled His plan Of love and brotherhood.

I'm tired of hearing the empty rant Of those who profess to care For the poor outcast, and who hope at last That each will have a share.

I'm starving now, and cannot wait For their millennial day; It's a helping hand that my needs demand, And a lift on life's rough way.

—Arthur W. Bovan, in British Cry.

## The War Cry.

### The Salvation Army Amongst the Indians.

The Christian Guardian of May 2nd contains a long editorial reference to our work among the Indians of British Columbia, closing with the following sentences:

"We will insist that our people, who so liberally support the Salvation Army, shall know fully of the course pursued by Salvation Army officers towards our work in these distant fields. The work built up by Crosby, and Tate, and Green, and Pierce, and Jennings, and others, should not be pulled down by the unbrotherly and unnecessary intrusion of the Salvation Army officers."

We believe we have given very full information in the columns of the War Cry of the course pursued by us in those distant fields, and have never made any attempt to keep secret any part of it. Considering also that our Territorial Headquarters had a very lengthy and exhausting correspondence with the Mission Superintendents of the Methodist Church among the subject, and that we made our wish known to avoid anything that would be unbrotherly and of an intrusive nature, we can only presume that the writer of the above-referred-to editorial is not acquainted with that correspondence, which is in file in the same building where his office is located. Furthermore, we have always most gladly given information to our contributors who desired explanation on any point in reference to our work. It is rather a sweeping statement to say that the Salvation Army officers "pulled down" the work "built up by Crosby, and Tate, and Green, and Pierce, and Jennings, and others, by an unbrotherly and unnecessary intrusion."

(The reference to our Newfoundland work being an intrusion also is simply preposterous.)

We stated on a former occasion that as long as ten years ago, Indians who came down to Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster, during the fishing season, attended regular meetings in those cities, and a small number came to our penitential form (voluntarily) seeking salvation. Some of these converts, who spoke fair English, were, after the customary time of recruitment, enrolled at their request as soldiers, by the officers in charge. About these converts, the Editor of the Christian Guardian writes:

"We are informed that those Indians who came down the coast from Port Simpson and Port Essington, went not as men ignorant of the plan of salvation; for many of them had professed conversion long before the Salvation Army had an existence in British Columbia.

"As can be seen on the official roll of the Army at Victoria, certain Indians of Port Essington, Port Simpson and other places, had been enrolled. The Indians did not speak as raw recruits, but as men of experience in the Christian life.

"Did the officers in charge at the time refer the enrolment of these Indians to their missionaries in the far north? Did they advise them to return home and be loyal to the faithful men that had for years labored to lead them to Christ? Not a word the British Legionaries said."

We would reply that some of these Indians whom our friend describes as "men of experience in the Christian life," were well known as living at the time very un-Christian lives, and their conversion to the Christian life was the result of the instrumentality of the Salvation Army genuine from the chance of life at once evidenced. Our officers deal with men of the deepest dye every day, who once had an experience in the Christian life. In our shelters can be found men of education, of all vocations, including former ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, doctors, and others, who once were undoubtably leading Christians, but who have fallen, and are now anything but Christian. Does our friend mean to set on the doctrine that once a man has been on some register as a Christian, nobody must make an effort to save him, even though he desires and solicits such help?

# SELF-DENIAL WEEK

## Sunday,

oooooooooooooooooooo

## May 27th,

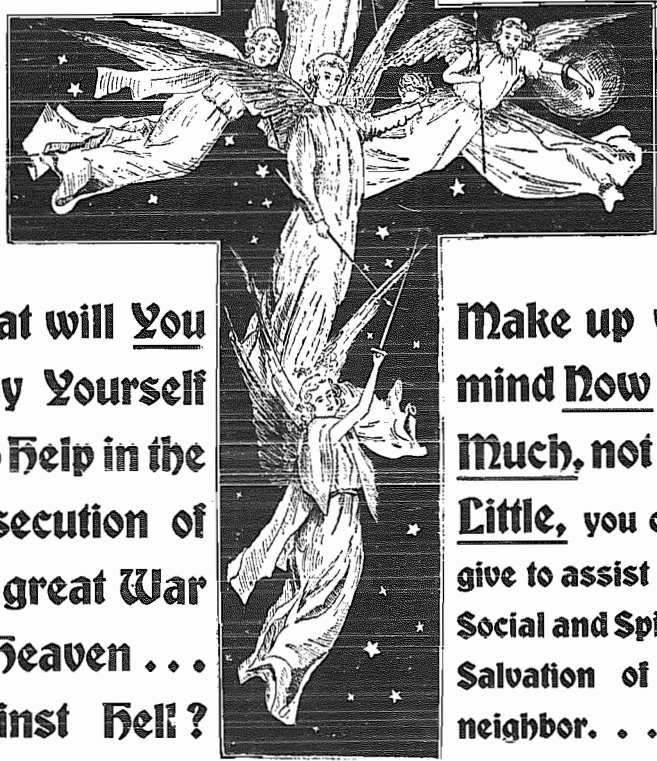
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## TO Saturday,

oooooooooooooooooooo

## June 2nd.

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## What will You Deny Yourself of to Help in the prosecution of the great War of Heaven... against Hell?

## Make up your mind Now how Much, not how Little, you can... give to assist in the Social and Spiritual Salvation of your neighbor. . . . .

Of course we shall be told of the white man's superiority of judgment, etc., while the Indians are mere children. I decidedly dispute that assertion, having met many an Indian who was as capable to choose for himself in which way he desires to worship God as many a white man.

Nevertheless, the General, on one of his visits, carefully inquired into the case, and left his personal instruction how to proceed in the most friendly manner to any missionary. The Indians WERE TOLD to associate themselves with the missionaries, and received for years only denials of officers and no "encouraging replies" of any sort.

Further, we wish to say that our people did not make proselytes. The few Indians who were converted at our meetings in the coast cities, and who were enrolled (the number of actually-enrolled Indians has always been very small on the roll calls of Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster) went back to their northern villages full of fire and zeal, telling others of their new-found joy. The missionaries saw the effect of the Army's work, and were desirous of producing like effect, which was a very laudable desire. One of the missionaries invented a Salvation Army of his own, and called it "Band of Christian Workers." For his paraphernalia he sent to the Army Headquarters, Toronto, securing gurnseys, timbrels, Army Song Books, music

books, brass, etc., which were sent to him. All this time we had no connection with the few Indian converts whose names were on the rolls of Vancouver and Victoria, and did not make any effort whatever to interfere with the missionaries. "The Christian Band of Workers" started well, but did not continue so. The missionary, for whose specific work we have only appreciation and praise, found it incongruous to have the framework of the Salvation Army without its peculiar life and spirit. As a result the Indians wanted to have the real thing. Their appeal for it had been whetted, and when they went to the Fraser River the next time, they sought out the Army and asked for officers to be sent. Nothing was promised, but their requests and petitions became so numerous and so persistent that notice had to be taken. Two special officers were despatched to report on the conditions at Port Simpson, and upon the reports mentioning that certain missionaries considered any steps on our part to establish a local work an intrusion, we withdrew to allow more time for co-ordination. That was in the Spring of 1895. Until then in the Spring of 1895, we declined to send officers. Between two and three hundred Indians professed to be converted through the efforts of the handful of Indians who sought salvation in the Army patient form of the coast cities. They handed

themselves together into corps, formed a brass band in one place, built themselves barracks, and elected officers from their midst, without direction or encouragement from our Headquarters. What fair-minded person can, under these circumstances, blame the Salvation Army for the work which was almost spontaneous? We can only find a just reply by referring anyone who condemns us in these matters to the words of Gamaliel, "If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

For years the irregular Indian Salvation Army stood the test of persecution and slander, but survived and retained a strong faith and Christian spirit. Then we felt morally bound to take over these corps and unite them with the world-wide Salvation Army, and bring them under our discipline. We seek no proselytes, but are now endeavoring to centralize our work in a new village, where there is no other agency represented, and are also extending our efforts into purely heathen villages.

We emphatically refute the assertion of having robbed the Methodist Church of her Indian converts. We also consider the assertion of "wasting the Lord's money by sending officers to Christianize the Christian Indians" as made entirely without inquiring into the facts of the case.



# THE KOOTENAI KLIMAX

## The Commissioner Finishes Her Visit to the Pacific Province.

**Nelson had no Building Large Enough to Accommodate the  
Crowds who Wanted to Hear Miss Booth—Rossland's Royal  
Reception—Citizens Delighted with the Visit—Souls  
Saved—Excellent Soldiers in Prayer Meeting  
—An All-Round Success.**

THE Commissioner's visit to Nelson and Rossland has been one huge triumph from the moment of her arrival until her departure. The impression made, the affection shown, the enthusiasm of the people, the intense interest aroused, combined to make the meetings unusually good in every sense of the word.

The Commissioner arrived at Nelson by boat on Friday night. Hundreds of citizens had gathered on the wharf to give her a welcome, while the soldiers and band of the Nelson corps mustered in strong force. The band appeared in a new uniform specially got up for the occasion, and, dressed in sailor costume, they certainly presented a fine appearance. They can play, too; and, better still, they can fight. More than one hand present remarked they were like the Blood-and-Fire Salvationists of days gone by, and reminded them of the days long ago when they were privileged to lend aid to this stamp.

But to come back to the Commissioner—long-lost-look-for, but here at last. The band struck up, and leading the way, piloted the Commissioner to the quarters, where she spoke a few words of cheer and encouragement to the band and soldiers, who heartily appreciated it.

### SUNDAY'S SERVICES.

The Sunday morning holiness meeting was conducted by Major and Mrs. Hargrave, in the Opera House. A large number of people gathered and the result was one volunteer for salvation, and one for the blessing of a clean heart.

When the Commissioner appeared on the platform in the afternoon, the Opera House was gorged. There was no more room, and if we could have obtained a larger building we should have been efficiently in filling it, but as there was no other, we had to be satisfied. My pen fails me in attempting to describe the meeting. Right from the beginning things went with a swing. The Commissioner, divinely inspired, poured out the truth with mighty effect. No unconverted person escaped. The Commissioner appealed with all the tenderness of her heart, and again the thousands forth the judgments of God to the sinner. It was a crisis to some soul, and we reluctantly closed the meeting with no results.

The night meeting was, beyond doubt, the best. Gathered to the utmost limit, the Opera House presented a striking appearance. Hundreds of people, anxious to hear the Commissioner, were unable to get in. The soldiers had come believing for great things, and the open-air was full of that spirit of expectancy which should be in all soul-saving meetings.

The Commissioner's address carried the crowd. Now taking them up to the Cross, they were clearly shown what it meant for Jesus to suffer; then describing the glories of heaven, the crowd was awayed to and fro at will. The Holy Spirit was moving about the building, conviction seized many hearts, and as they were shown the willingness of God to forgive, we felt that there were some in that crowd who would yield themselves to God and get saved.

Quickly and quietly the prayer meeting started. The first to come was a young woman, sister of one of the band leaders. She was followed by a young man. How those soldiers prayed and took hold! They worked, and prayed, and sang as though the salvation of every soul depended upon them individually. It was a glorious sight to see one after another march out to the Mercy Seat. The young man who got saved in the morning meeting, brought another elum with him at night, as previously arranged. He held out a hour then, but eventually rose up and came boldly out for salvation. The soldiers shouted for joy, and altogether we rejoiced for the magnificent victory won.

### Ten Souls Sought the Saviour.

and ten people went home rejoicing in the salvation of God.

The enthusiasm and spirit was excellent, everybody fighting to a finish. Never in the history of Nelson have there been such meetings, and when the Commissioner comes back she will receive a hearty welcome.

### The "Golden City" Welcome.

Rossland, on the Monday night, was the next on the program. We reached there at noon, and if it were possible, the Commissioner received a bigger welcome than at Nelson. The Depot was crowded with people, while outside the band played "Welcome Home." The Juniors were there in strong force, and friends and citizens had come to give the Commissioner a warm welcome to "The Golden City of the Kootenai."

Will the meetings ever be forgotten? The welcome meeting, in the magnificent Army barracks, was beyond all expectation. Crowded to the doors, windows full, and sidewalk jammed, may give some faint idea of the condition of things.

A welcome address to the Commissioner, from the officers and soldiers, was read by the Treasurer, after which Miss Booth was introduced by the Provincial Officer. The Commissioner briefly replied, and then we got down to business. Willie and Pearl made a satisfactory debut, while Major Smeton made an eloquent

speech suitable to the occasion. The Commissioner detailed everybody with her playing on the harp, and Mrs. Major Hargrave sang a solo, which made a deep impression on the reporter, judging from the newspaper reports.

The Rossland Miner, of April 24th, has a very nice editorial and full account of the meeting, which is given here with:

[The Rossland Miner.]

### Miss Eva Booth.

HER ADDRESS AT THE SALVATION ARMY HALL—NO STANDING ROOM IS LEFT.

Features of the Evening—A Scene of Intense Feeling—The Adopted Children and their Musical Drill—The Vocal and Harp Solos.

The Salvation Army Hall was crowded to the doors last night. There was neither sitting room nor standing room left. A crowd blocked the open doors from the sidewalk, and from this vantage point, and from one or two accessible windows, a few more were enabled to witness the proceedings.

After the opening song and a prayer the welcome address was read by Treasurer Bauer, on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Rossland corps. Major Hargrave then introduced Commissioner Eva Booth to the crowded hall.

Miss Booth spoke a few words and then presented to the audience two of her adopted children, orphans, the charge of whom she had undertaken from their infancy. These infants, known as Willie, a little-looked Canadian, and his adopted sister Pearl, who was taken charge of by the Commissioner in the Old Country, went through a series of hand drills to the accompaniment of a mandolin played by Esau Griffith. A harp solo was then given by Miss Booth, who has a fine touch. A short address followed by Major Smeton, the Comptroller of Finance, Toronto. Mrs. Major Hargrave sang a solo in charming style. She possesses a clear and caressing voice, the sweet melody of which, echoing through the hall, was classified by the hearty manner in which the refrain was taken.

After a few profatory remarks by Major Hargrave, who said that Miss Eva Booth had been under great strain for the past few days during the impressive meetings they had in Nelson, the Commissioner then began her address.

Miss Booth was evidently tired, but she quickly warmed to her theme, and with her first sentences dominated the assemblage. Taking as the subject of her address the Rock of Ages, she said that there was a mighty host on their way to the haven beyond the skies. The Salvation Army alone, whose banner moved round the world, numbered its hundreds of thousands. All these were part of the great host who were marching to the words of the soul-stirring song, the Rock of Ages.

The whole audience, led by the Commissioner, sang the words of the hymn. It was easily to be seen that the great crowd were listening to every word of her rapid and fervid, yet clear and distinct, utterance.

"While He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" Taking this for the text of the second part of her discourse, Miss Booth said that in her opinion this was the best verse in the Bible.

It appealed to her, first, through its definiteness. There was no if's, or may's, or ought's, or perhaps's, or anything indefinite about it; it was absolute. He is able to save them to the uttermost but to come to God through Christ. That was sufficient.

Miss Booth at an early period had forgotten her lassitude. Everything but the theme and her audience. One woman fainted, and a surge of feeling swept through the audience. She continued saying that the verse attracted her because of its greatness and wisdom. There was nothing small, nothing narrow about it. It went up, oh! such a height, and down, oh! such a depth, and round such a width. There was no limits, she declared. It went down to the lowest depths of misery, and helped it; it went out among all people and helped, and it went up, and up, and beyond the choruses of angels, of children, of soldiers of Christ to its climax, the bosom of the Almighty.

And lastly, Miss Booth said, there was its infinite wideness. In the sands of India, in the forests of Africa, the mountains of Switzerland, the valleys wished she could take the audience with her to see; in the valleys of Italy, the halls of the Swedes, amongst the Germans and the Dutch, in the far regions and in the tropical zone the Salvation Army was found. It was praying, was preaching, was proving that He is able to save.

This concluded one of the most eloquent discourses that has ever been heard in this city.

### "Miss Booth in Rags."

Tuesday night, "Miss Booth in Rags," drew an immense audience to the Miners' Hall. Aisles, windows, doors, platform, in fact all available space was filled, and hundreds turned away disappointed. To the Salvation Army this meant a great deal, and beginning to end the Commissioner kept the attention of the audience. No one knew how much it cost the Commissioner to deliver her address, as she had no other alternative but to go bravely on and did devotedly. The Rossland Miner devoted considerable space to the meeting, and gives the following excellent report:

[The Rossland Miner.]

### "Miss Booth in Rags."

She Tells of Her Life in London Slums and Prisons—Some Pathetic Incidents.

The audience which greeted the Field Commissioner of the Salvation Army, Miss Eva Booth, at the Miners' Hall last evening, crowded that building to its utmost capacity. Not only was every seat filled, but every available foot of standing room was occupied, and after the platform had been utilized for the accommodation of those who could not find even standing space in the body of the hall, hundreds of people were turned away. The meeting was a highly-successful one in every particular, and was gratifying not only to Miss Booth, but to the members of the Army here. The impression which the Commissioner made upon her audience was a most pleasing one, and no doubt if Miss Booth were content to stay in Rossland on a protracted visit, she could fill the hall nightly for some time to come. Apart from her own address, the features of the evening were highly interesting. The singing of the two little children who have been adopted by Miss Booth, was extremely good, and merited the applause which it received from the house. When the Commissioner came on the platform she was received in a cordial manner by the crowded room, and from that time till the close of the meeting it was on her that the attention of those present was centred. After some preliminary exercises Commissioner Booth began her address, which was a recital of her experience in the slums

We Must Have Souls—and  
Souls We Had.

A Long, Wearysome, Ride.

(Continued on page 12.)



### Is this a Knee-Drill Challenge for the Territory?

**BEAR RIVER.**—I don't believe there are many corps able to beat us in the matter of knee-drill attendance. Fifty-six met together with the praise of God upon their lips yesterday morning. Captain received a nice carpet for the quarters, a gift from some dear friends. All our Crys sold out. Captain is going to increase his order I believe. With the return of warm weather we are about to hold open-air meetings. We have fought hard, but only one saved this week.—E. A. M., Cor.

**BILLINGS, Mont.**—Since last report three recruits have been enrolled under the Colors, whom we trust will prove Blood-and-Fire soldiers, for which we are blessed and prayed, for which we praise God. Attendance at our meetings fairly good. All seem delighted with the Easter number of the War Cry.—G. Morris, Lieut.

**BRIGGS.**—Easter Sunday was a day of much blessing. God gave us recruits for our labor at night. Easter War Crys went well.—D. Monton, Captain.

**BROOKLIN.**—Sunday was a day of victory. Two souls for salvation, who got gloriously saved.—F. Y. C. O.

### One Dozen Converts.

**CATALINA.**—This past week we rejoiced over twelve precious souls seeking and finding salvation. Good times all along.—M. S. Cave, Lieut.

**CARBONAR.**—We have just had a visit from our Provincial leaders. Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, also Adj. and Mrs. Dowell. Thursday night was a very special time, "The Army Review," led by the Brigadier. Saturday night Adj. Dowell lectured on his trip back from the Klondike. Everyone delighted. Sunday all day, God came very near. In the afternoon, while Mrs. Sharp spoke from God's word Divine power gripped the hearts of the unsaved, and four souls came to the glorious throne. One sister came back to the fold.—Sergeant-Major Taylor.

**CLARK'S BEACH.**—Good times. Six souls converted this week. War Cris all sold out, believing to increase our order soon.—Capt. Moore.

**DIGBY, N. S.**—Captain Doyle and Lieut. Smith have arrived to lead the forces here. One soul at the Cross. Believing for more to follow.—S. Dakin, Lt. C.

### A String of Farewells.

**FARGO.**—Eugene Perry has been with us with his lantern service, which was much appreciated. The B. M. visit also from soldiers. Well, the best of friends must part, and after being with us ten months, Adj. and Mrs. Farr farewell to go to take charge of the work in Winnipeg. Much blessing and a blessing to us all, and though the fighting was hard at first, praise God the last few months we have seen quite a number seek the Saviour. Cadet Annie Cook, who has been with us, and has a devoted helper to them, also farewells for another appointments. Capt. Bunson has already left for Jamestown. Capt. Lloyd, who has been on the sick list, is well again, and will take her place at the front. We had a farewell ceremony and cake social last night, which was a great success, clearing something over forty dollars.—Matt.

**GANANOQUE.**—Since last report we have had a visit from Adj. and Mrs. Kendall, with the Kingston brass band. Had a great meeting. B. M. visit also from Ensign Parker. Lantern service very nice. Best of all, souls are getting saved, and we are in for victory.—Ensign Stagers, and Lieut. Thomson.

### Increase no Object!

**GLACE BAY.**—Our donation for the Indian Famine Fund amounted to

\$48.75. We were very thankful to the kind friends who responded to our appeal. The united meeting on Monday night, led by Capt. Pierce, Brown, Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, Captain Green and Lieut. Marthou and Hawbold, was a splendid success. Lieut. Hawbold's singing was well advertised and much appreciated by the crowd. This week we received 210 Crys instead of the usual 200, but this made little difference to our staff of boomers. There are some people around here who think we should get that number every week. Bro. West, from New Glasgow, is considering the possibility of starting a branch of the Salvation Army Telephone Company. He says it is a good paying investment.—Sergeant-Major.

**LIARBOUR GRACE.**—42 attended knee-drill Easter Sunday morning, and it was a beautiful sight to see one brother seeking and finding the risen Christ. We took their and us soldiers of this corps. The Easter Cris sold well. Everyone delighted with the Commissioner's picture.—A. Boggs, Adj.

### Wanted—Bricks.

**LETIBRIDGE.**—From the first shot of our Siege we have had splendid victory and much blessing in our own souls. Several souls were the outcome of the special meetings. The knee-drill Sunday mornings were also grand, and our target was raised in more ways than one; although we did not reach our target of fifteen souls we rejoice over the fact of seeing several souls weaving their way to the front, and also that many others are deeply under conviction, and ere this appears in print we hope to see them forsaking the paths of sin. Although our building scheme has been at a standstill for the past two months, we are now in a position to report that the same is well on the way for an early opening, probably by the 1st of July next. A scarcity of bricks is the delay just now. Our citizens here are ever ready to answer any call for financial assistance, and in this direction have done admirably well. Capt. A. Mitchell and Lieut. Potter still in command.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

**LISGAR ST.**—Saturday night a religious service. Five seeking pardon and forgiveness. From God's Knee-Drill Sunday morning God came and blessed fourteen of us. Holiness meeting was an outpouring of clean-heart testimonies. Brigadier Gaskin paid us a visit and said he got a good blessing himself. Grand open-air meeting and inside meeting. A poor lost woman, through drink, whose husband could do nothing with her, said she went out to get more whiskey, but was led to the S. A. barracks and got deliverance from sin. She was on the platform at night. J. S. Sergeant-Major Bowers farewell for Detroit. At night large crowds looking for great storm of salvation to strike Lisgar St. fort.—S. McFarland, Lt. C.

**MILAND.**—New officers arrived. Good times. We are ever ready for God and victory. Watch Midland for the future, and oblige Capt. Dales.—Ole Olson, R. C.

**MILLBROOK.**—Hats off to Captain Weir! We congratulate this promotion. Our Easter War Cris all sold. Everybody was a boomer for one week.—Albert Homan, R. C.

### Adj. Kendall in His New District.

**NAPANIB.**—Thursday night we had with us our D. O., Adj. Kendall, his the Kingston brass band. We had a large number present, and enjoyed the music very much. We give Adj. Kendall a hearty invitation to come and see us again and bring Mrs. Kendall.—Lieut. May Lang, for Capt. Stainforth.

**NEW GLASGOW.**—I am pleased to report a good week of soul-saving.

Friday night fourteen souls laid their all on the altar. Sunday, good meetings all day, and wound up with a sold. On Saturdays increasing, in the Fountain. On Thursdays, in the Fountain, taking part in the afternoon open-air. Pled to the front. Capt. and Mrs. McPherson are proving themselves giants in the battle, and under their leadership we foresee the good work will go on. John Cameron.

**NEWMARKET.** We have just arrived in this beautiful town and received a hearty welcome. The soldiers had prepared a reception tea, which was much enjoyed by all. God bless them. Good week end and three souls saved. Capt. Stephens and Lieut. McLennan.

**ONEMEL.**—Thursday night a wanderer returned home. Good meeting Saturday night. Sunday afternoon we had a good meeting. The soldiers at hand dancing. The latter part of the meeting was led by Sister Cornell. Bro. Johnson and Lieut. Marshall gave solos, also Elsie and Winnie Cornell, accompanied by harp. Another solo by our brothers ended our meeting.—C. C. C.

### "How He Shot Himself"

**RAT PORTAGE.**—Large crowds both at open-air and in barracks. We had Adj. Cass with us on 23rd and 24th. He talked for nearly one hour on "How he shot himself." Everybody was deeply interested. We finished up in real old style by having a pie feast. Next night he gave us "What is religion." Adjutant was at his best and everybody enjoyed it. One soul sought and found salvation, making six souls for salvation and three for a clean heart since last report. Garrison family all healthy and happy.—W. B. Milon, Cadet.

**RIVERSIDE.**—Adj. Cameron, with the Temple brass band, came over and gave our people a grand musical festival. The Adjutant was stationed here a short time ago and a nice number came along to greet him. There were the "Good Samaritans" (Smerdons) present, and in speaking of their duty we can write "Exquisite." The other solos, speeches, and selections by the band were much enjoyed by all present.—N. R. T.

**SHEARS TOWN.**—Two souls on Friday night, one on Saturday. Beautiful crowds. C. Reader, Lieut.

Harvest in Springtime of Souls and Dollars.

**ST. JOHNS II.**—Easter Sunday was a most blessed day to us. A beautiful spirit prevailed right from start to finish. At night eleven souls knelt at the Cross and claimed pardon through the Precious Blood. Wednesday night we had with us Adj. and Mrs. Dowell and brass band, from No. 1. Splendid crowd, good talk, and \$10 collection, which goes to clear off gas bill.—Selma Morgan, Reg. Cor.

**TITIRO.**—A grand day Easter Sunday. At night the barracks so crowded that some people had to sit on the floor. Finished up the day at the respectable hour of 12 o'clock, with one soul in the Fountain. Easter War Cry the best for years; they sold like hot cakes, not one left for Sunday, had a hard job to keep one for ourselves.—Capt. A. Ryan, and Lieut. S. Lehman.



**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—Change of officers. Eugene Graham and Capt. Elia Smith at the helm. Gospel ship holding her course beautifully. Our comrades, Rev. Mr. Dolbe, came aboard on Sunday, and our good friend, Rev. E. F. Wilsonton, on Tuesday evening. Several souls lately saved from the waves that overwhelm. Pilot near and precious.—H.



### CHRISTIANITY DEFINED.

Have realized under purest form.—V.V.V.

A kingdom erected by patience.—Lus-hell.

Humanism in its highest potency.—Harless.

The bond of European civilization.—Dr. Mar-deau.

The great revelation of the great secret.—Lange.

The standing-place for moving the world.—Hare.

Not a mere religion, but in reality an entirely new human life.—Halle.

The consummation of the whole moral and religious history of the world.—Dr. B. F. Cocker.

A fundamental tone, to which all science and philosophy must be attuned.—Dr. Winchall.

The only religion which professes to save men without eliminating a part of human nature.—Dr. G. Matheson.

A definite message from God to man, distinctly conveyed by His chosen instruments, and to be received as such a message.—J. H. Newman.

That Divine word, which was faintly surmised of old, and in due time was sent forth to bear men wisely and surely through this world.—Dr. F. Page.

A strong and invincible conviction of renewed fellowship with a merciful father and God, effected by the Saviour, and, as the offspring and product of this conviction, or in other words of this living faith, a life of love and spontaneous morality.—Ullman.

### Money-Making.

Whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, the pleasing thing, not the useful thing. . . . The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game; and we knock each other down, either in playing at that than at football, or any other rougher sport; and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money; he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he may get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as at cricket you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game.—John Ruskin.

## HELL WITHIN.

By WM. McLEOD, Rochester, Ont.

(Concluded.)

And now he wreaks his fiendish vengeance upon everything which comes beneath his touch or glance. Oh, what blood-curdling oaths and curses poured from his hell-burned lips as he kicked and smashed the household furniture.

Now he moans and mutters as if suffering agony. Then, as if Satan himself had entered into his soul, his blood boils, his eyes flash, and with fist clenched and raised in fiendish sway over the crouching mother's head, threatens to crush her life.

How the dear children trembled in their beds as the father, raging, and cursing, and kicking, and stomping, made the very walls quail, while the poor mother with yearning heart and trembling limb crept meekly away to her bed to escape the result of the father's drunken rage.

After expending his mad fury in curses and blows, his delirious wanderings led his fiery imaginations to vent his vengeance on the very courts of heaven, cursing with the wildest defiance the very Creator Himself. Then, as if to make a fitting climax and add emphasis to the scene, he turned the full pressure of his furious brain upon his own unprofitable life, blaspheming his own poor body and soul, cursing the very day of his creation. Then again, as if becoming exhausted from the fearful strain upon body and mind, he gave vent to pitiful moans and groanings. In the midst of his despairing muttering, these words rang out as if hurled from the bottomless pit of despair:

"Hell Within."

How sadly true, I thought, of the whole liquor traffic. How many tempted husbands and fathers, how many sad mothers, how many broken homes and starved and ragged children bear the impress of those words upon their future, "Hell within!"

Follow the footsteps of our victim as he enters upon the threshold of manhood. His every action is full of hope and courage; his physical form stands erect as a giant oak; his step is brisk and steady; his countenance bespeaks intellectual culture, and his sparkling eyes seem as windows who open to a soul in which the Creator dwells and rules. We say, "There is the makings of a useful man." True, but did we ever pause to consider how much depends on the start this young man receives just at this period of his career, whether he be a useful man, or whether his life will be stamped by the word, "Failure."

How sad, yet how often do we see it manifest in the lives of men, that the endowments and talents with which God has entrusted them, to be their greatest blessing, by mis-use of these heaven-sent gifts become man's veriest and eternal curse.

And so it proved in the life of the victim in our story. Endowed as he was with great capabilities as a musician, accompanied with much personal magnetism, his presence was greatly in demand. This was the time in life at which this young man most needed a true Friend to counsel and direct his faltering steps in the right path. But nobody cared! God's people were stumbling while an enemy sowed his tares. If the messenger of heaven can afford time for slumber the agents of hell cannot, and so we see the cunning emissary of Satan leading our young men into dangerous and forbidden paths. We see the enthralled victim enter over the threshold of the saloon. We see the young man hesitate as the tempting beverage is offered to him. We see his countenance flush; he steps back as if to ward off the enticement, but his better thoughts are soon stilled, and overwhelmed by the feeble taunts of his associates, who assert that he must cease his "childish tricks" and share their "social treat," the social climax comes. We see the poor victim, to escape their ironical insinuations, step nervously forward, lift with trembling fingers the tumbler of ruling liquid to his lips, and the next instant the first cup of intoxicating liquor had passed down his throat.

In the very sparkle of the tempting fluid the warning words of my text were written: "Hell within!"

We need not follow the victim in

all his wanderings, his despair, his sad and real! But let us draw the curtain over a man all of which are sad words, "Failure." opened, we find his years a confirmed and cheerless hope crushed with helpless and in the drunken and respect. How easy and gain follow the cup until We do not perate c Simply i

Sit in  
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is clear  
in peace  
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fortunate b  
stormy se  
tempest,  
floating in  
sailing se  
lock y  
is "y  
r

## South America.

## THE KOOTENAI KLIMAX.

(Continued from page 63.)

"corps in one of States, of America, is hard go." The D. O. "he town a visit, but illent to get at the the Army severely for was not to be in with a Junior or three Christ he had, it re- urch meeting. e of us went k those who lves of the hall. First ton, where ing against the room, estimonie- we went with the gambling oped which would de ce men and sh find sal we marched: mander, the n, and the s, Moss's "ness, in

and prisons of London. She was at- cted in the same costume as when she visited darkest London. She told many incidents of her work among the poor, the "green boys," the wretched, those in prisons and those who had brought themselves to drink the very dregs of inebriation through their ap- petite for intoxicants.

Miss Booth told of her experience amongst the very poor, who keep body and soul together by sucking match boxes for four cents a gross. Just think of it.

London prisons, she said, were hard places for visitors to get into, but she and the other Salvationists got into them often, and did most effective work in the way of bringing the inmates to a Christian life. When the prisoners were released they were helped in various ways.

Miss Booth told how she reformed and brought to a Christian life a drunken, evil and combative woman by a kiss and some subsequent kindness. The woman said no one had kissed her since her mother died, and she had passed away when the daughter was about six years old. These and other incidents were so pathetic and dramatically told as to bring tears to the eyes of a majority of the audience.

She said that she believed in action in work of this kind. When she went into the houses of the poor she won their good will by helping them in their tasks, by washing their children, by binding up their wounds and hurts, and by bringing them necessities when they were in need. In this way the road to their good will was opened, and it was an easy matter to lead them to that better life. Where they saw only charity and a desire to make their lot more pleasant, and a disposition to unselfishly work for their good manifested, they were willing to make the religion of those who did this their religion, and his or her God their God. The lecturer was frequently interrupted with loud bursts of applause, and certainly left a good impression. In fact, she revealed that she is a worthy daughter of her illustrious father, Mr. William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army.

After came and flag drills by Miss Booth's two adopted children, and the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," by the audience, the meeting dispersed. Miss Booth is certain of a large audience whenever she again visits the city, as she leaves a very good impression behind her.

Returning through Nelson, en route to Winnipeg, the Commissioner decided to do a soldiers' meeting. In vain we tried to persuade her to rest. It was no use, she must have a word with them.

Nearly every soldier was present, and, needless to say, the Commissioner's sacrifice for their interests was deeply appreciated.

The Commissioner was helped by the Holy Ghost as she spoke on full salvation, and we all will remember this blessed meeting.

The financial side of the campaign has been splendid, while the spiritual results have also been gratifying. The Commissioner has been received everywhere with a genuine warmth and enthusiasm, such as Salvationists only can give, and the effect of the meetings will be of untold value to the Kingdom and the Army. May the Commissioner soon come again.

The Nelson band and corps gave Miss Booth and party a good send-off at the wharf on Wednesday at midnight.

## Notes of the Campaign.

The Commissioner was accompanied by Major Smeston, Adj. Welsh, English Griffith, Pearl and Willie, from Toronto, while Major and Mrs. Hargrave, with Staff-Capt. Gage, went from Suakane.

The Commissioner captivated and delighted the crowd with her harp solos.

Adj. Smith, from Fort Simpson, came to see the Commissioner re the Indian work. He reports things on the up grade.

The Nelson and Roseland folks had a lot of affection for their Commissioner before they saw her, but this has been increased during the recent campaign.



## An S.-D. Conversation

Between Major Turner and Staff-Capt. Stanton, of the C.O.P.

MAJOR: "What about Self-Denial Staff-Captain? From what you already know about the Province and our people, do you think we are likely to come off victorious?"

S.-C.: "I have not the slightest hesitation in stating, that, by the good blessing of God, the Central Ontario Province will not only come up to the splendid achievement of the last S.-D. week, but that we shall do even better than that."

MAJOR: "Do you consider the bringing of the Self-Denial effort from the Fall to the Spring is likely to be advantageous to the success of the movement?"

S.-C.: "Most certainly; we have everything to gain by the same. In the first place the season is most favorable for getting round. The fine weather aids the collectors, and then the merchants will have concluded their Spring trade, and the profits accruing from the same will be at their disposal, a certain percentage of which they ought to readily pass over to the funds of the S. & A."

MAJOR: "Another thing in our favor is the fact that nearly everybody is earning wages. The demand for workmen and mechanics of all kinds is large, and no one need excuse themselves on the ground that they have no money."

S.-C.: "What about the farmers, Major? Is it not a bad time for them to help?"

MAJOR: "While money may not be as flush with them in the Spring as in the Fall, still we need not despair; grain, butter, eggs, poultry, live stock, etc., will be just as acceptable as cash. We can find a ready market for these commodities."

S.-C.: "Good, Major. I am glad there is a chance for them to help."

MAJOR: "How is your faith for the success of the Toronto District, Staff-Captain? Tell us a little about each of your corps."

S.-C.: "I read with considerable interest the record-breaking victory you gained in conjunction with last year's effort, and must confess that, when I first saw the targets, I wondered whether we could do as well again. I, however, enthusiasm, spirit, and eager expectation count for anything; we will be all right."

"To begin with, the target of \$575 for the Temple is no small item, yet I am certain that Adjt. Cameron and Capt. Richmond, assisted by much worthy Local Officers, Crandfield and See, Warrin, Bandmaster Hyder, and others, the Temple will secure the target."

Lippincott is somewhat under a disadvantage, not having the cooperation of the Cadets, as last year; still, they are not going to be behind. Major Collier, their worthy Treasurer, is putting forth some wonderful efforts. The Major has already got a nice round sum towards his own personal target."

"Capts. Wilson and Kivell, although among the latest comers to the city will not be behind when the effort closes. Adjt. Sears and Capt. Matthews, with the Cadets, are enthusiastic over the \$200 target for Ligar St. This will be all right, without a doubt."

"Riversdale have been busy collecting money for a number of weeks, and never will not interfere with their securing their Self-Denial target. In fact the \$150 that they have to raise is already an assured fact."

"Capt. Rose and his Lieutenant have also strong hopes for their \$200 target."

"Easlen Walker, of Richmond St. will not be behind when we come to compare his target, namely \$80, with the amount that he sends in."

"Then there is Ensign Smith at Rowmanville with a target of \$75, Oshawa \$50, Newmarket \$80, Aurora \$50 Brampton \$40, Orangeville \$25, and Brookville \$20. I am sure it will mean some hard work to secure these amounts, but I am certain they shall come off victorious."

MAJOR: "This is certainly very cheering news, Staff-Captain. I hope that the highest expectations of all concerned may be realized. These corps did exceptionally well last year and, with you, I am sure that once again they will demonstrate that the people who compose the same are

made of the kind of material which knows no defeat."

S.-C.: "I have not as yet become very familiar with the work of the Province outside of my own District. Do you think the targets will be reached in the outlying Districts?"

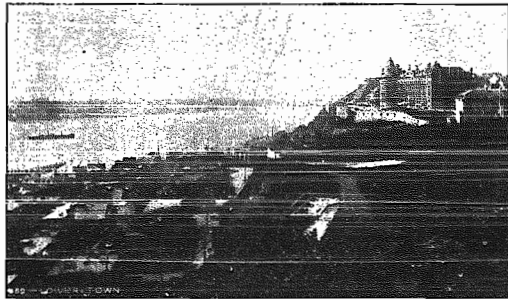
MAJOR: "I am certain that we shall have a struggle, but I have no doubt whatever that ere the effort closes we shall be able to report once again a glorious triumph."

"In a letter to hand from Adjt. Goodwin, he assures me that his District is safe. \$350 is no small target for Hamilton 1, \$150 for St. Catharines, \$75 for Hamilton 11, \$50 for Dundas, and \$20 for Oakville, are targets that are not the easiest in the world to secure. The Adjt. states however, that by the good blessing of God, every one of these corps will come off all right."

"In a personal note from our late co-worker, Ensign Bale, he mentions that already he has received assurances from each one of the corps in his District that their target will be smashed. I would not be surprised if the Bracebridge District does not record an eye-opener."

"Adjt. Wiggins, of the Barrie District, does not always tell you what he is doing; nevertheless, when records are turned up the Adjutant is seldom found behind. Each one of the officers of this District are full of spirit and faith, and there is no question but that they will be able to write 'Victory' across their banner at the conclusion of this effort."

"Unfortunately we have no D. O. for the Lindsay District, and as:



QUEBEC, THE ROCK CITY.

matter of fact, both this District and Owen Sound had to be looked after from Provincial Headquarters. Capt and Mrs. Hannah will do their target of \$125. This goes without saying. Then Penelon Falls, Uxbridge, Oneone, and Kinnowit will not be behind."

"The Owen Sound District will also keep up its reputation with such fighters as Capt. Clink, Barker, Darrach, Poole, Culbert, and Wedge, and their worthy assistants."

"I could give you fuller details of each corps, with their targets and all, but I am afraid that the Editor I already beginning to think our conversation is too lengthy."

S.-C.: "Really I am delighted to learn that everybody is in such good spirits. With this kind of faith, linked on to active works, we ought to secure a magnificent victory in the C. O. P."

MAJOR: "You may depend upon it we will. While many of our people are poor and have to struggle against great odds, we are bound to show the Commissioner that our hearts are in the business, and that we intend this year's effort shall excel all others."

"If convenient, Staff-Captain, I will give you a few more particulars relative to this great effort next week."

Heaven is not a reformatory.

No case is so shameful as when a man loses shame.

The true Christian pays taxes where his citizenship is.

Religion makes the church, and not the church religion.

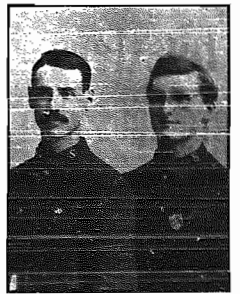
## BRIGADIER GASKIN AT LIPPINCOTT AND OLD No. 1.

On Sunday morning, in company with a soldier, I made my way to the Lippincott open-air meeting. Among the soldiers present were Major Collier and Staff-Capt. Archibald. We had a fine march, making the streets ring with our salvation songs, to the accompaniment of Bandmaster Birwood's and Staff-Capt. Archibald's cornets, while the inimitable Jake played bass on the big drum. The holiness meeting haste was deeply spiritual, earnest, and blessed. Capt. Wilson led, Lieut.-Colonel Margate who was there with his Junior company, gave a short and inspiring address. Brigadier Gaskin read the lesson and wound up the meeting. It was good to be there.

On Sunday night we made our way to Old No. 1, Huron St. Staff-Capt. Archibald, assisted by Capt. Morris, led a rousing open-air meeting.

The salvation meeting, in spite of a time of power and blessing. Captain Morris opened with a song. The irrepressible Jimmie prayed. Capt. Morris spoke, and the comrades testified. Eva Gaskin sang a song. Mrs. Gaskin addressed the meeting. Staff-Capt. Archibald read the lesson. Brigadier Gaskin, who was in charge of the meeting, gave a helpful address, and when we went into the prayer-meeting, a solemn, deeply-spiritual influence pervaded the large congregation.

"And there may I, though vile as he," was being sung, when an old man



Captains Huxtable and Banks, Quebec.

## The Rock City Visited.

Visit of the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Taylor, to Quebec—"Hundreds Turn Out."

Saturday morning the sun broke through the clouds, and we were delighted to see that we were going to have nice weather for our week-end meetings. Capts. Huxtable and Bloss met the Staff-Captain, who was quite at home with us. Saturday night you could hear the verses of that beautiful song, "Jesus stands and knocks and pleads," given out. Testimonies were given to God's saving and keeping power, and the meeting was very much enjoyed. An invitation was given to the coffee and cake social, which was very comfortable and which we enjoyed immensely.

"Ring, ding, ding!" went the bells on Sunday morning at 5 a.m. for mass.

Staff-Capt: "What time is it?" (a man replies: "o'clock.") "What are the bells ringing for?" "Mass."

Thank God we are able to partake of a real holyholyholy mass. We had a nice number for knee-deep. Bro. Dave Quirk thanked God he had the privilege of being a soldier in Quebec, and we all felt the blessed Master's Spirit. 11 a.m. another feast. God poured His Spirit upon us.

2:30 p.m. march. "What? 'We can't march here in Quebec."

"Well, We Will go Out This Afternoon for a Change."

We went out, and in a few minutes you could see crowds thronging the streets, and it was a puzzle to know where they came from. We went on singing our songs of praise, although we received a few sticks and some mud. We arrived back at our barracks, all safe and sound, and had a good time.

At night we had a splendid meeting. The Staff-Captain took for his subject, "Say yes to the righteous, it shall be well with him." The people listened very attentively, and the truth was pressed home to their hearts. Although we saw no visible results, yet we believe the seed was sown.

Monday night we had a musical meeting which went off with a swing. The Zonophone was very much appreciated, and the people were well satisfied. We all say: "Come again, Staff-Captain!" T. B. S.-Quebec's marching band; enrolled seven recruits during Siege. One of our soldiers, Bro. Ross, is working for God in South Africa.

When we are living to do good we can depend on God and the angels to help.

vvv

A sealed tomb is the only comfort of those who look only to a dead Christ.



Captain T. Bloss, Quebec.

# Hustlers' Rendezvous.

## VICTORIOUS MAG!

### She Wins the Day at Last.

#### HER COMPETITORS IN THE FAR DISTANCE.

#### The Eastern Strikes a Snag—Progress in the North-West.

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

#### THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

East Ontario Province.....	92
West Ontario Province.....	86
Central Ontario Province.....	83

Hats off to Mag!

The laurel wreath of victory flutters proudly in the breeze, (rather mixed metaphor, I think, after all—E. E.)

For the first time in history let all the universe salute "Mag," of the East Ontario Province, as the champion!

She has been a great while getting there. For long, weary months have her trainers been hard at work. Many have been her defeats and discouragements, but her reward has come, and I doubt not the language and feeling of all the East Ontario troops is, "it is worth it all!"

Once more a word of praise, and I must warn them that they have a couple of formidable enemies to face. And they must not forget that if they have conquered them once, they can do it again.

Major McMillan is one of those quiet individuals who don't say a great deal, but silently spring surprises on the enemy. He won't be satisfied with second place, I'm sure.

As for Nigger, the poor quadruped is evidently not at all well. In justice to the Province, Brigadier Gaskin should either get a new steed or fix the puncture in the above-mentioned animal.

Capt. Sitzer has asserted her superiority this week over Lieut. Smith, and gone no less than 34 copies higher. Well done, Captain!

#### THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 110	North-West. 57
	Pacific 35
	Newfound'd 21
	Klondike... 2
Totals .. 110	115

The Eastern Province made a dash attempt to secure the prize once more, but failed.

I'm afraid Major Southall is getting too hot a hustler for the East. His 57 boomers compare very favorably with what the North-West Province has done in days gone by.

Then think of Newfoundland! The record is broken this week with 21. Brigadier Sharp has designs on the prize, likely.

The barometer records the following rise, Glace Bay, 25; and (whisper) 10

the following fall, Varmouth 25. I commend the former and feel sorry about the latter.

I have received a complaint from a friend of mine, named Ensign Cummins, a complaint which I fully recognize and will enquire into. We want things done right, don't we?

#### THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

#### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa.....	170
Mrs. Barber, Burlington.....	150
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton.....	125
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa.....	125

#### BRIGADIER PUCMIRE SPRINGS A SURPRISE.



Major McMillan, confident of winning the War Cry race, will be surprised when he finds that Brigadier Pucmire is waiting for him at the winning post. He'll drop his smile rather hastily. Other competitors in the background.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa.....	120
Adj. O'Neil, St. Albans.....	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans.....	105
P. S. M. Veal, Barre.....	102
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.....	86
Capt. Burch, Brockville.....	70
Lieut. Tilley, Brockville.....	70
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.....	70
Capt. Greco, Kempsville.....	70
Mrs. Capt. Combs, Belleville.....	70
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury.....	70
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury.....	70
Capt. Yake, Deseronto.....	70
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville.....	63
Bro. Moore, Montreal I.....	60
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall.....	60
Lieut. Yandaw, Cornwall.....	60
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg.....	60
Trcas. Gillan, Renfrew.....	57
Capt. Green, Perth.....	55
Ensign Snagers, Gannanohoe.....	55
Lieut. Thompson, Gannanohoe.....	55
Sister Robinson, Peterboro.....	55
Capt. French, Kingston.....	50
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston.....	50
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV.....	50
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Tytts, Sherbrooke.....	50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg.....	50
Lieut. Hoole, Cobourg.....	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.....	47
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg.....	45
Capt. Grose, Prescott.....	45

Capt. Owen, Cuddebooke.....	45
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.....	45
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.....	41
Mrs. Hippen, Montreal II.....	40
Sergt. Simms, Kingston.....	40
Sergt. Barker, Belleville.....	40
Capt. Carter, Belleville.....	40
Minnie Carey, Burlington.....	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside.....	40
Staff Capt. Burditt, Deseronto.....	37
Lieut. Hicks, Newport.....	36
Sergt. Newell, Barre.....	35
Sergt. Barber, Kingston.....	35
Sergt. Dine, Kingston.....	35
Lieut. Lang, Napamun.....	35
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec.....	35
Capt. Ross, Quebec.....	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth.....	35
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre.....	31
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro.....	30
Lieut. Croser, Trenton.....	30
Capt. Stanforth, Napamun.....	30
Willie Williams, Montreal I.....	30
Capt. Gammaidge, Saultury.....	30
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.....	26
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.....	25
Sergt. Logic, Montreal I.....	25
Capt. McChougall, Port Hope.....	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place.....	25
Mrs. Jewel, Picton.....	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.....	25

Lieut. Maisey, Goderich.....	80
Capt. McCutcheon, Saultury.....	80
Capt. Green, Windsor.....	80
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich.....	70
Sister Richards, Guelph.....	77
Lieut. Carley, Simcoe.....	68
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford.....	65
Capt. Melton, Chatham.....	65
Capt. Johnson, Forest.....	65
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll.....	61
Capt. Freeman, Strathtroy.....	62
Lieut. Plant, Clinton.....	62
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg.....	60
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas.....	60
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas.....	60
Eva Simpson, Guelph.....	58
Ensign Collier, Wingham.....	57
Sister Foster, Petrolia.....	55
Mrs. Dr. Grant, Windsor.....	55
Lieut. Ringler, Norwich.....	52
Ensign Wakelield, London.....	51
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt.....	51
Sergt. Mrs. Gulu, Blenheim.....	50
Capt. Halsey, Ridgetown.....	50
Lieut. Howard, Wallaceburg.....	49
Capt. Mrs. Rock, Chatham.....	48
Capt. Barrows, Bayfield.....	45
Capt. Campbell, Clinton.....	45
Capt. Coe, Hespeler.....	45
Capt. Burton, Palmerston.....	42
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg.....	40
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg.....	40
Capt. Gibson, Paris.....	40
Mrs. Harris, London.....	40
Capt. Heater, St. Thomas.....	40
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler.....	38
Prod Palmer, London.....	37
Sergt. Schwartz, Galt.....	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville.....	35
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston.....	35
Capt. Williams, Galt.....	35
Lieut. Thompson, Saultury.....	35
See, Gifford, Simcoe.....	35
Bro. Beutling, Hespeler.....	31
Mrs. Cutting, Essex.....	30
Lieut. Fenney, Guelph.....	30
Capt. White, Listowel.....	28
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim.....	27
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll.....	26
Capt. Copeman, Brantford.....	25
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll.....	25
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia.....	25
Sister Wakelield, Petrolia.....	25
Lieut. Edwards, London.....	25
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas.....	25
Capt. Viscount, Bayfield.....	25
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim.....	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor.....	22
Mrs. Anderson, Watford.....	22
Sister Gordon, Paris.....	21
Bro. Hanna, Hespeler.....	20
Mrs. Sheldford, Brantford.....	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll.....	21
Capt. Mathers, Norwich.....	20
Lieut. Greenbridge, Stratford.....	20
Sergt. Smith, Tilsonburg.....	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia.....	20
Mrs. Steed, Petrolia.....	20
Sister Miller, Petrolia.....	20
Sister Garrison, Petrolia.....	20
Capt. Carr, Watford.....	21
Corps-Adet Crawford, Paris.....	20
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown.....	20
Blanchard, Clinton.....	20
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas.....	20

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.....	155
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside.....	110
S. M. Thompson, Hamilton I.....	104
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines.....	81
Mrs. Bowcher, Lisgar St.....	65
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound.....	65
Adj. Wiegand, Barrie.....	64
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple.....	61
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa.....	60
Capt. Wadge, Faversham.....	60
Capt. Sherwin, Orillia.....	60
Mrs. Steed, Petrolia.....	60
Capt. Barker, Menford.....	60
Capt. Darnach, Meaford.....	60
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.....	60
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.....	60
Sister Stevens, St. Catharines.....	60
Bro. Green, London.....	46
Lieut. Carwardine, Downmanville.....	45
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside.....	43
Bro. Roger, Bracebridge.....	41
Bro. J. Smith, Midland.....	40
Sergt. Mrs. Gills, Yorkville.....	40
Lieut. Gault, Brantford.....	40
Sergt. Guffon, Temple.....	40
A Soldier, Hamilton II.....	39
Capt. Keenle, Sudbury.....	37
Cadet Greenwood, Temple.....	36
Bro. Dixon, Temple.....	36
Capt. Poole, Chatham.....	35
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott.....	35
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket.....	35
Sister Robinson, Oshawa.....	35
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville.....	35
Lieut. Stickle, Huntsville.....	34
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury.....	33
Lieut. Leggett, Barrie.....	33
Cadet Brown, Temple.....	32
Cadet Porter, Lippincott.....	30
Cadet Bushey, Lippincott.....	30
Sister Milley, Lippincott.....	30
Capt. Young, Brooklyn.....	30

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock.....	225
Lieut. Smith, London.....	191
Capt. Pyre, Sarnia.....	191
S. M. Bateman, Stratford.....	115
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford.....	101
Lieut. Stickle, Berlin.....	101
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford.....	102
Capt. Huntington, Leamington.....	100
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham.....	95
Ensign Green, Windsor.....	90

Capt. Hanna, Aurora	30
Adj. Scott, Ligon	30
Mrs. Rustin, Ligon	30
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	30
Sister Garden, Bracebridge	30
Lieut. Calvert, Yorkville	28
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	27
Sergt. Tuck, Ligon	27
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Uxbridge	26
Sister Pencock, Aurora	25
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	25
Capt. Coulters, Dundas	25
Lieut. Pencock, Dundas	25
Lieut. Howcroft, Penelon Falls	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Capt. S. Dales, Midland	25
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	23
Sergt. Kane, St. John I.	22
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	22
Elmer Smith, Dovercourt	22
Mother Currie, Hamilton II.	21
Thillie Gee, Hamilton II.	21
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	20
Mrs. Spence, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	20
Capt. Howcroft, Penelon Falls	20
S. M. Bowers, Ligon	20
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Clark, Owen Sound	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Bro. M. Langridge, Huntville	20
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	20
Caud. Stacey, Temple	20
Sergt. Correll, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister Bowman, Temple	20
P. S. A. Brachet, Temple	20
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	20
Mrs. Dyer, Bracebridge	20

## EAST vs. WEST.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

110 Hostlers.

Caud. Mirey, St. John I.	170
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	161
S. M. Smith, Windsor	150
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	142
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	125
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	125
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	125
Lieut. M. Melville, Newcastle	107
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	100
Noah Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. Prohant, Somerset	100
Mrs. Salter, Hamilton	100
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	87
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Fredericton	80
Capt. Allan, Carleton	80
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	78
Capt. Ryan, Truro	78
Lieut. Lebars, Truro	78
Capt. Dewyer, St. John I.	75
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	75
Lieut. H. Payne, Westville	75
Capt. Bell, St. George's	70
Capt. Redmond, St. John I.	67
Father Armstrong, St. John I.	65
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen	65
Lieut. Ginevaux, Stellarton	60
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.	60
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Ensign Wright, St. John I.	50
Lieut. Tate, North Head	55
P. S. M. Treadwell, Newcastle	55
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby	51
Sergt. V. Lebars, Fredericton	50
Sister London, St. John V.	50
Lieut. Lebars, St. Stephen	50
Capt. Hamm, St. John III.	50
Capt. Bradley, Sackville	50
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. McWilliam, Clark's Harbor	50
A. Rumble, Bridgetown	44
Lieut. Wyatt, Bridgetown	41
Cadet Purdy, St. John III.	42
Capt. McElhenny, New Glasgow	40
Ensign Lardner, Charlottetown	40
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Calais	40
Capt. Miller, Fairville	40
Sister Holden, Windsor	40
D. Pancey, Pictou	38
A. Brown, Pictou	38
M. Burgess, Halifax	32
Capt. Clark, Amherst	30
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	30
Capt. Ritchie, Parrishoro	30
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Sanicue, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	30
M. Wade, Hamilton	30
Sister Parks, Carleton	30
Lizzie Jones, St. John III.	30
Lieut. Holby, Carleton	30
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	30
Sergt. Kiddle, Calais	28
Ensign Eshary, Annapolis	28
Sergt. Kay, Moncton	25
Ensign Wright, St. John I.	25
Sergt. Bell, Halifax I.	25
Adj. Byers, St. John III.	25
Sergt. G. Rice, Glace Bay	25
Capt. J. Green, Glace Bay	25
Ensign Knight, Carleton	25
Sergt. Mrs. England, Chatham	25

Maggie McKeuzie, New Glasgow	25
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	25
P. S. M. Kent, Bear River	25
Caud. Bennett, Somerset	25
Capt. O. Clark, Bridgewater	25
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	25
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	25
Bliss Baker, Moncton	21
Capt. Hudson, Clark's Harbor	22
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown	21
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20
Jennie McKeuzie, New Glasgow	20
Treas. Cuslin, Halifax I.	20
Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20
Sergt.-Major Donovan, Fredericton	20
Malcolm Beattie, Fredericton	20
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Morrison, Parrishoro	20
Sergt. A. Smith, Hamilton	20
Sister Sharpham, Windsor	20
Leah Round, Summerside	20
Lieut. Richards, Summerside	20
Maud Beatty, Fredericton	20
Capt. Larimore, Yarmouth	20
Mrs. Mrs. Lorimer, Halifax II.	20
Capt. Winchester, Hillsboro	20
E. Peckwood, St. Georges	20
D. Virgil, Southampton	20
Mrs. Bowden, Dartmouth	20
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth	20
Capt. Perry, Houlton	20

Capt. Brown, Oakes	45
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	45
Capt. Barrager, Port William	45
Capt. Mercer, Regina	45
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	40
Lieut. Embertson, Moosomin	40
Ensign A. Hayes, Brandon	40
Lieut. Ferguson, Ligon	36
Lieut. McKee, Port William	36
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	36
Capt. N. Myers, Devil's Lake	34
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	34
Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	32
Lieut. Engdahl, Emerson	32
Capt. Anderson Bismarck	30
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	29
Lieut. Bristol, Rat Portage	27
Ensign E. Hayes, Port Arthur	26
Cadet Quist, Rat Portage	26
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	26
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	25
Capt. Halsteth, Minnedosa	21
Lieut. Hall, Emerson	22
Sergt. Mrs. Johnston, Selkirk	22
Capt. Draper, Minot	22
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Minot	22
Mrs. Parker, Minot	22
Capt. Smith, Bismarck	22
Sergt. Teeters, Lethbridge	20
Bro. Parker, Lethbridge	20
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk	20

Lieut. Floyd, Anacoda	63
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	63
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	60
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	60
Sister Mrs. Allen, Butte	60
Sister F. Pogue, Nelson	60
Capt. Meredith, Dillon	28
Capt. A. Sheard, Lewiston	21
Bro. Anderson, Nelson	25
Capt. Nesbitt, Dillon	24
Lieut. C. Saint, Lewiston	23
Capt. Laughlin, Naumoku	21
Cadet Austin, Great Falls	21
Capt. Ira Hooker, New Whatcom	20
Lieut. J. W. Boyver, Mt. Vernon	20
Bro. Northstron, Spokane	20
Bro. Jas. Larson, Spokane	20

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

21 Hostlers.

Julia Lidstone, St. Johns II.	50
Catharine Andrews, St. Johns II.	50
Caud. Murch, St. John I.	40
Cadet Fisher, Harbor Grace	33
Cadet Thiller, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Chummeys, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Churchill, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Shano, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.	25
Caud. S. Penney, St. Johns I.	25
Sister S. Shum, St. Johns I.	25
J. Wiseman, Bay of Islands	22
Sergt. Mary Rose, St. Johns I.	21
Sergt. Bessie Hiseock, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet E. Mercer, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. A. Poddell, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt.-Major Eshary, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. C. Reader, Shears Town	20
Delilah Bartlett, Brigus	20

## KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hostlers.

Adj. McGill, Skagway	113
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	70

## The Solidarity of Man.

In the physical, as well as in the moral life, a man cannot live to himself alone. The saying, "He's nobody's enemy but his own," is never true. The drunkard who was formerly supposed to be self-contained in his bodily deterioration and degradation is continually disturbing the equilibrium of the world. He is a perpetual microbe of disorder. He need not be a wife-beater or a child-murderer. He may lock himself up in his room, but the result is there just the same. It would be a violation of all evolutionary law that he could live to himself. The rings of Saturn are disturbed by every class of beings who live to his law. Full realization of this idea will, I think, be a great factor in the cause of temperance. The culture of the ethical life means the perpetual building up of character and recognition of the fact of unity.—Henry Burrows.



## To Parents, Relations and friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended and, as far as possible, make them known to their friends and relatives. Address Communications Exchange Booth, 10 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. This card should be sent as possible, to deter enemies.

Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

SIR, ROBERT JAY. Member of 1st Washington Infantry. Served a year in Manila. Fair, 5 ft. 8 in., rather stout. Last heard from last November, sick in Spokane hospital. Friend very anxious.

MCKAY, WILLIAM JAMES. Age 37, 5 ft. 10, dark complexion, hair and eyes. Last heard from in Vancouver, B. C. English friends anxious.

TOFT, MARGARET (nee Peterson). Nationality, a Dane. Married, and left her husband in '08, taking one of the children with her. Husband wishes to make an agreement with her.

FRENCH, MR. ROBERT. Was in police force, Scotland Yard, London, England, 10 years ago. Mrs. G. Beck enquires.

## "Reading Improves the Mind."



THIS old saying is strictly truthful in relation to our Publications. The Prices, too, put them within the reach of every household.

## Note Prices of yearly subscription:

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"Deliverer".....	.50
"Local Officer" (for L.O.'s only).....	.50
"Officer" (for Officers only).....	.80
"Musical Salvationist".....	1.00

SEND FOR SAMPLES TO THE

## TRADE SECRETARY,

S. A. TEMPLE,

TORONTO, ONT.



## Sanctify Me, Lord.

## The Chains Broken.

Tunes.—Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9);  
He lives (B.J. 313); Praise (B.J.  
143).

1 Come, Jesus, Saviour, from above,  
And fill my heart with perfect love.  
And make me more like Thee.  
That I may, by Thy Spirit's power,  
Bring honor to Thy name each hour,  
And live and fight for Thee.

Oh, send the promised Holy Ghost,  
That I may of His fulness boast.  
To cleanse from inbred sin;  
Then I shall conquer self and pride,  
And in the cleansing stream abide,  
Delivered by His power.

Just now I claim the cleansing power,  
To make me pure this very hour,  
And closer walk with Thee;  
That I may in Thy strength go forth,  
And love to seek and save the lost,  
And fight and die for Thee.

Henry Ainsworth.

## A Place of Rest.

Tune.—From every stain made clean  
(B.J. 81).

2 There is a place of rest  
At Jesus' blessed feet.  
Where tempted souls can ever find  
A safe and sure retreat—  
A secret, holy place,  
Where God alone is seen,  
Who seek the treasures of His grace  
Whose hearts by Blood are clean.

This is the place of power,  
The place of secret prayer—  
Believing souls they find the source  
Of strength and courage there.  
They go from strength to strength,  
Clad in Jehovah's might,  
With holy confidence they stand  
Successful in the fight.

This is the place where souls  
Receive the Holy Ghost—  
When Calvary's blood is obtained,  
These go and seek the lost.  
Oh, comrades, come with me  
And seek this hallowed place,  
And then go forth and shed abroad  
The beauties of His grace.

## Let Your Light Shine.

Tune.—Gospel bells.

3 The heavenly light came shining  
Into this dark heart of mine,  
When I stepped from nature's  
darkness  
Into Liberty Divine.  
No more was I enslaved  
By the bitter cup of sin,  
But as soon as I would trust Him,  
Jesus let the light shine in.

Chorus.

Heavenly light, let it shine,  
That the world may find it, too,  
Heavenly light, let it shine,  
That the world may prove it true.

The heavenly light is shining,  
Brightening all my path today,  
And my heart it bounds with gladness  
At every cheering ray.

What is, then, this heavenly light,  
And whither does it come?  
'Tis the light that shines from Cal-  
vary.

And it guides poor sinners home.

The heavenly light is shining  
For the darkest sin-bound souls,  
Do they see in you this beauty,  
And desire to be made whole?  
Do you let your light shine,  
As you walk the heavenly road,  
That when others see your good works  
They may glorify your God?  
Red Riding Hood.

Tune.—Only Jesus will I know.  
Broken are the chains of sin;  
Perfect freedom Christ does give.  
Since He doth from sin now free  
me,  
All my life for Him I'll live.

Chorus.

Only Jesus will I know.

With God's love my soul is filled,  
Through His dying I am free;  
Now His true and faithful soldier,  
Evermore I mean to be.

To the Cross for refuge flee,  
Even now He waits to save;  
That you might obtain God's favor,  
Oh, believe, His life He gave.

Freely flows the cleansing stream,  
Sinner-friend, it flows for thee;  
Won't you love God? Won't you  
serve Him?  
And His faithful soldier be.

Neel, Bear River.

## Come to the Cross.

Tune.—Clansong for me (B.J. 45).

6 Poor trembling soul, now in Jesus  
dread rest,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!  
Jesus is waiting your soul now to  
bless.  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!  
Come, while in Love He is waiting for  
thee.  
Come, from all sin He will now set  
you free,  
Then through eternity happy you'll  
be,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!

Though you have wandered so far  
into sin,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!  
To Jesus' feet your burden now bring  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!

Come broken-hearted, repenting of  
sin,  
Come to the Fountain, come now and  
plunge  
Jesus is calling. Oh, come now to  
Him,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!

Sinner, behold now these five bleed-  
ing wounds,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!  
See Jesus dying, oh, now hear His  
groans!  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!

Come, He will hear you as humbly  
you pray,  
Come, and your sins He will now  
wash away,  
'Change now your night into joy's  
brightest day,  
Come to the Cross! Come to the  
Cross!

## The Comforter, Immanuel.

Tune.—And above the rest this note  
shall swell.

6 He lendeth me, 'tis bliss to know  
A God of love still lives below;  
In my poor heart He deigns to  
dwell,  
The Comforter, Immanuel.

Chorus.

And above the rest this note shall  
swell,  
My Jesus doeth all things well.

When friends forsake, the world looks  
cold,  
Dark shadows fall around the fold,  
Within there's light. Why? Shall I  
tell?  
The Comforter, Immanuel.

The snares of sin beset me round,  
They faint would drag me to the  
ground;  
What is it keeps me saved and well?  
The Comforter, Immanuel.

To those whose hearts are torn and  
sad,  
Who love the good, abhor the bad,  
There's power for you o'er earth and  
hell—  
The Comforter, Immanuel.

T. A. M.,  
Written at the Shelter, Toronto.

## Succour the Needy.

A SOLO BY MRS. HERBERT  
ROOTH.

7 O'er the dark and cruel regions,  
Where the slaves of sin abound,  
There are voices ever calling  
From the ruin'd, crushed and  
bound.  
There are wrongs that need redress-  
ing.

There are foes who challenge fight.  
There are giants need r'ossing.  
Darkened souls who need the light.  
Chorus.

Then help us save the lost ones,  
Let us bring them home to God.

If we knew the bitter anguish  
Of the hearts with sorrow riven,  
Could we number all the thousands  
Who to dark despair are driven;  
Could the tears that fall in millions  
Tell us each their tale of woe,  
We should linger not in toise,  
To defeat this deadly foe.

From the mouths of hungry children  
These are voices led to us,  
From the banis of squalid misery  
There are cries that sound alarm;  
From the broken hearts that linger  
Ere they drop into the grave,  
There are notes of earnest pleading—  
Are there none to help and save?

## The Door of Mercy.

(To our frontispiece.)

I stood outside the gate, a poor way-  
farer child;  
Within my heart there beat a tempest,  
loud and wild;  
A fear oppressed my soul that I should  
be too late;  
And, oh, I trembled sore, and prayed  
outside the gate.

"Mercy" I loudly cried: "Oh, give  
me rest from sin!"  
"I will," a voice replied, and Mercy  
let me in;  
She bound my bleeding wounds, and  
carried all my sin;  
She eased my burdened soul, and gave  
me peace within.

In Mercy's form I knew the Saviour,  
long abused,  
Who oft had sought my heart, and  
wept when I refused;  
Oh, what a blessed return for ignorance  
and sin!

I stood outside the gate, and Jesus  
took me in.

The well-conceived reproduction on  
our front page, of Arthur Hughes'  
celebrated picture, could scarcely be  
better interpreted than by the above  
well-known verses. Oh, the depth of  
mercy! The guilty soul knocks and  
cries in contrition. The voice of con-  
fession is the Open Sesame that gives  
entrance to His eternal Mercy  
stoops with one hand to lift up, while  
wiping off with the other hand from  
the recording-angel's scroll the black  
catalogue of past sins. Mercy is Love  
forgiving and Love helping. What  
more sublime subject for the painter's  
brush, or the sculptor's chisel, or the  
preacher's sermon? But what greater  
example for us to imitate daily? May  
our lips not only pray, "And forgive  
us our debts," but may our lives show  
that we forgive our debtors, and so  
ally ourselves with the forces of Love  
Divine.

## COMING EVENTS

## COLONEL JACOBS

accompanied by

BRIGADIER GASKIN,

with the  
TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND  
will visit

Lisgar St. Sunday, May 27.

## LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS

will visit

Montreal, Wednesday, May 16, to Sun-  
day, May 20.  
Newport, Vt., Monday, May 21.  
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25.  
Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.  
Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

## LIEUT. COL. MRS. READ

Temple, Sunday, May 27.

## BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH

and the

MALE QUARTETTE OF T. H. Q.  
will visit  
Dovercourt, Sunday, May 20.

## BRIGADIER and MRS. FRIEDRICH

Yorkville, Sunday, May 27.

## BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

Riverside, Sunday, May 20.

## MAJOR McMILLAN

will visit

Saratford, Sat. and Sun., May  
19, 20.  
Seaforth, Monday, May 21.  
Clinton, Tuesday, May 22.  
Goderich, Wednesday, May 23.  
Wingham, Thursday, May 24.  
Listowel, Friday, May 25.  
Palmerston, Sat. and Sun.,  
May 26, 27.

MRS. BRIGADIER GASKIN and MRS.  
MAJOR TURNER.

Meaford, Sat. and Sun., May  
26, 27.  
Collingwood, Monday, May 28.  
Barrie, Tuesday, May 29.

## MAJOR COLLIER

Lippincott, Sunday, May 27.

## MAJOR TURNER

North Bay, Tuesday, May 22.  
Huntsville, Wednesday, May  
23.  
Bracebridge, Thursday, May  
24.  
Midland, Friday, May 25.  
L'Arry Sound, Sat. and Sun.,  
May 26, 27.  
Barrie, Monday, May 28.  
Newmarket, Sat. and Sun.,  
June 2, 3.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. STANTON

with the

LIFE BOAT CREW

will visit

Riverside, Monday, May 21.  
Yorkville, Wednesday, May 23.  
Dovercourt, Monday, May 28.  
Lisgar St., Wednesday, May 30.  
Lippincott St., Thursday, May  
31.

## STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. STANTON

Huron St., Sunday, May 27.

## ADJUTANT PAGE

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 27.